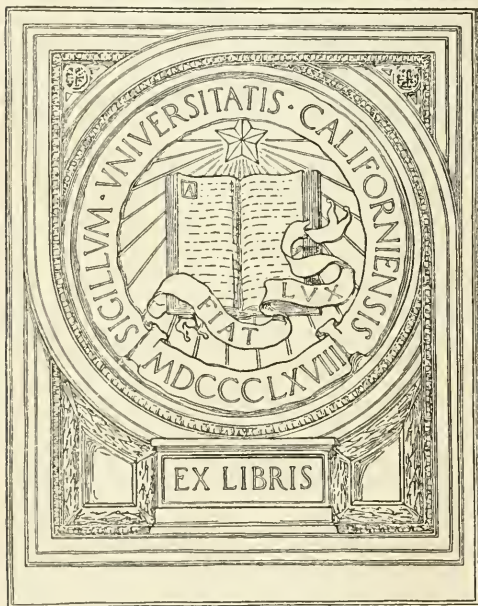


UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
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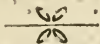
THE GOLD HUNTERS

OF CALIFORNIA

BY

THOMAS EDWIN FARISH

ILLUSTRATED BY F. I. WETHERBEE, CHICAGO



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This volume is dedicated
to the
Pioneers of California,
their
children and their children's children,
wherever scattered
throughout the world.

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INTRODUCTORY.

While gold has been responsible for much evil in the world, it has been the propelling force that has marked the most brilliant epochs of human progress. When Israel was a world power, she owned or controlled the land of Ophir, from which her wise King Solomon drew the gold to build and beautify the temple.

The gold and silver dug from the mines of Europe and Asia created the schools of art, philosophy, and literature of Greece and Rome.

The treasures of North and South America for centuries pouring a golden stream into Europe raised the curtain of the dark ages, ended the night of brutality, ignorance and superstition which enveloped mankind and ushered in the morning of a day, the noonday splendor of which we of the twentieth century now enjoy.

The advance of the human race, during the last fifty years, in all the fields of art, in mechanics, commerce, science and religion is due to the opening of the gold fields of California and Australia.

The stars and stripes was first raised in California above Sutter's Fort near the present city of Sacramento in the fall of 1846. Fremont's command, and Stephenson's regiment and Commodore Sloat's Marines conquered the state, and it became American territory

upon the close of the Mexican war in 1847. On the 24th of January, 1848, in digging a sluiceway at Sutter's Mill, at Coloma on the American river in the upper Sacramento Valley, James W. Marshall found yellow particles that were soon proven to be gold. The men of the valleys scattered over the hills and mountains, and gold placers, rich beyond the dream of avarice were found to be generally distributed through the northern part of the state. The news electrified the world. 1849 witnessed a mad rush to the new gold fields from all parts of the earth. Sailing vessels sailed in scores from New York, Boston and other ports for San Francisco, around the Horn, and thousands from the southern and western states took up the weary six months trudge across the plains, defying the forces of nature and the more dangerous savage, in a wild desire to enter first the new Eldorado. Ships on arrival were abandoned by their crews. All was excitement. Hardy prospectors crowded into the diggings, nothing dismayed by the dangers awaiting them these soldiers of fortune braved all in their eager search for gold; in their success they laid the foundation of civilization on the Pacific deep and strong in the mortar masonry of true Americanism.

In 1847 San Francisco was a port of entry for the North Pacific whaling fleet, a few huts scattered over a sandy beach housed a population of a few hundred. Her only exports were hides and tallow. A transformation came with the opening of the gold fields.

The Pacific Mail Steamship line was established

from New York via the Isthmus of Panama to San Francisco early in 1850.

In 1851 the Nicaragua route was opened by Commodore Vanderbilt.

In 1849 the government created a naval and military station at Benicia and there was a question as to whether Benicia or San Francisco would be the future metropolis of the Golden West. The incoming tide of immigration settled the question in favor of the latter and so one of the greatest of modern cities had its beginning.

The name California was taken from a Spanish romance published in 1521, which was very popular when lower California was discovered by a lieutenant of Cortez in 1534.

THE GOLD HUNTERS

OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER I

In the little town of Macon, Tennessee, twenty-eight miles from the city of Memphis, I was born. My father was a merchant and lost his fortune through the decline of cotton, in 1848, when, on account of the French Revolution, that important staple was sold in London for less than it originally cost in Memphis. In the spring of 1849, having decided to try his fortune in new fields, he bade farewell to home and family, and, in company with his brother and nephew, joined the army of emigrants for far off California. It was a long, tedious and dangerous journey, in those days, and the party was six months on the road. Father wrote us regularly until he passed Santa Fe, New Mexico, after which we did not hear from him again until a long half-year had passed away. The anxious months of this weary waiting can be safely left to the imagination; the reality can hardly be described.

During this interval ocean communication had been established between New York and California, via Panama, by which we received a letter from father,

inclosing a draft for a sum which, I well remember, to his impoverished family, seemed a fortune indeed. Before the close of the year, 1851, my father had completed arrangements whereby his family was to join him in the new home he had prepared for them in the far west.

He had begun business there, on the Yuba River, by selling pies, which had increased to a wholesale general merchandise establishment in Marysville, California.

If all families were like ours, as to members, there would be little danger of "race suicide"; there were six children, I the eldest and my brother the youngest, eight years my junior. We started from Macon and reached Memphis on the first day of January, 1852.

Memphis at that time had a population of eight thousand, and furnished a place where was marketed all the cotton produced in the surrounding country. Not a railroad then entered the city; all transportation in and out was by boats or wagons.

We remained at Memphis until the middle of January, when we took passage on the steamboat "Empire" for New Orleans. The fare for that three-days-trip, including meals and stateroom, was ten dollars.

To a boy who had never been beyond the scenes surrounding home, such a journey was fraught with constant and wondrous interest and change. Every mile brought to view a new surprise. The splendid country homes of the southern planters, as they appeared upon the banks of the "Father of Waters,"

are still vividly impressed upon my memory. The spacious houses with their wide verandas, surrounded by trees and flowers; the broad, well-gravelled walks stretching to the river banks, all indicative of wealth and plenty, created a most lasting impression upon my young mind.

New Orleans, with its population of some hundred thousand, seemed a veritable world within itself. Its immense levees covered with bales of cotton as they were discharged from hundreds of river boats, thence transferred to the power-houses to be compressed to one-half the original bulk, ready for shipment on the larger ocean steamers and ships; its motley crowd of white and colored laborers; the old French quarter with its narrow streets; the St. Charles Hotel, a large building four stories high, and seeming to me an enchanted palace; the old French Market where fragrant coffee was sold, and where the American Indians displayed their curious wares—crude needle-work, leather-work, feather-work and unique baskets—for sale; and myriads of other novel sights gave me a new and marvelous impression of the great, wide, wonderful world and the life that lay before me.

Rev. McCoy, a Presbyterian minister, accompanied us from Macon. We had been intrusted to his care and he was to see us safely landed in San Francisco. Father had procured and sent us through-tickets from New Orleans to that city, yet, on account of the rush of travel, we were unable to obtain passage before the tenth of March. About dusk of that event-

ful day we started aboard the "Falcon," an old, rickety boat, that to-day would not be permitted to leave her wharf. We passed through the streets of New Orleans, the minister and my mother in the lead, with six youngsters trailing behind,—I the tallest, the others gradually diminishing in stature,—we formed a procession that excited both curiosity and comment. I will never forget the exclamation of an "old colored Mammy."

"Afoah de Lawd sake!" she cried, throwing up her hands in astonishment, "does all dem chillun belong to dat one ooman!"

An incident that somewhat incensed my mother, who felt indignant at the presumption of the negro to make comment at all, in hearing of the passers-by; but which very much amused my boyish fancy.

A heavy storm upon the Gulf made the passage a severe one. In common with almost all the passengers, I was sick for ten days, the time required to reach Aspinwall. The railroad had then been completed from Aspinwall as far inland as Bueno Soldado, on the Chagris River, and was the first railroad I had ever seen.

From Bueno Soldado, up the Chagris River as far as Gorgona, the passengers were transported on boats owned and conducted by the natives. When we alighted from the train at Soldado these boatmen were as noisy and importunate as are the cabmen of the New York stations, or of Market street, San Francisco of to-day.

The natives were dark, half-clad, and, to the uninitiated, without attraction. I shall always remember the look and gesture of disgust and repugnance with which my mother rejected and repulsed the offers of a tall specimen of the country, too airily clad for decency, who insisted upon escorting her party to his boat.

The boats were poled along the river and we reached Gorgona about nightfall. Next morning our party started for the city of Panama, a trip of fifteen or eighteen miles. This distance was traveled on the backs of native mules, animals not much larger than the common burros of New Mexico and Arizona. I do not recollect any settlements or attempts at farming on the Isthmus at that day. There was a profusion of tropical trees and undergrowth with an abundance of oranges, bananas and cocoanuts; while myriads of monkeys and bright-plumaged parrots made the woods resonant with their screams and chattering. After leaving Gorgona the mule-trail was, in part, over a rough country and an old road that must have been traveled for centuries past; for, in places down the hillsides there were steps worn several feet deep in the solid rock.

At Panama we were shown the old forts of Morgan, the pirate and buccaneer.

This was a quaint old city even then; primitive and unchanged for three hundred years, or since the Spanish occupation. It was without wharves, so that vessels in the bay had to ride at anchor more than a mile from the town. Passengers for these vessels were

carried on the backs of the natives, over a space of perhaps two hundred yards and placed in small boats which conveyed them to the larger ships. We found several thousand Americans there awaiting transportation to the new Eldorado, so that every sailing craft was readily chartered immediately upon arrival in port and loaded to its full capacity with a cargo of human freight. The recent rush from Seattle to the Klondyke reminded one of the crushing and crowding into the steamers and sailing vessels in the harbors of Panama in those early days.

After a two days' rest at this place we boarded the Pacific Mail Steamship, "Northerner," for San Francisco. Her capacity was limited to carry five hundred passengers; upon this occasion she had seven hundred and fifty in the steerage, alone, and two hundred more in the cabins. Every available nook and corner was crowded with human beings. The profits of this boat were enormous. I remember, boy though I was, hearing the purser say that the ship would, on that trip alone, clear a sum sufficient to construct a vessel new and complete. The cost of cabin-fare from New Orleans to San Francisco was three hundred and seventy-five dollars; to which must be added fifty dollars for transportation across the Isthmus of Panama.

The weather was very warm. Under the main deck the atmosphere was stifling. The tables and floors of the dining saloon were utilized for beds. And



JAMES W. MARSHALL, THE DISCOVERER OF
GOLD.—*Page 8.*



after dark, all the decks, both fore and aft, were covered with human beings trying vainly to sleep.

Hard-tack and "salt-horse," potatoes and thin coffee constituted a meal for the steerage passengers. Those in the cabin fared better, though their tables were far from being first class.

The steamship company evidently recognized and appreciated the fact that a harvest was ready at hand and were not slow to seize the opportunity to gather it in.

A wonderful company was collected aboard that boat! Young, ardent, enthusiastic, adventurous and gay. Few on board above thirty years of age and few below eighteen. Almost all were men. Not many women went West in those days.

A more jolly, expectant crowd one could hardly find.

Fully impressed with the stories they had heard of the extent and richness of the new gold-fields, toward which their own faces were now turned; buoyant, impulsive and full of life, not a cloud arose to darken the horizon of their sky. To all, hope whispered the same enchanting tale:

"A few sunny months, at most a few short years, spent in washing gold, then a return to home, sweet-hearts and wives, laden with a rich competency for all life to come," were the thoughts with which she filled each breast. Or,

"Jim Jones, Bill Smith and others had returned

with their golden 'piles,' why should not fortune smile on me?"

In the steerage groups of men could be seen any time studying some old map of California and such exclamations as this were often heard:

"Now, here is Murphy's Diggings, where Zeke Wilson struck it rich. He said he made from twenty-five to fifty dollars a day there, and there was plenty left. I am going right there myself."

Another would point out some other mine, whose rosy allurements drew him from his childhood's home. And many more.

All these days Ambition soared aloft. How many of these young, ardent hearts were doomed to disappointment; how many realized their dreams; or how many afterwards became useful and prominent men in the life of the Golden State; how many returned to the homes they had left, are questions I cannot answer here. But that they represented the true American spirit of push and enterprise, endurance and ambition, are truths so patent that none will deny.

On the eleventh day of April, 1852, the "Northerner" passed safely through the famous Golden Gate. As she glided proudly into the majestic bay, the beautiful peninsula of San Francisco lying to the right, pretty islands dotting the waters around, and stretching to the left, the inviting lands of Contra Costa—where now lies the city of Oakland—all, heightened by the blue sky and glorious sunshine of California, were

enough to inspire the heart and arouse the enthusiasm of the most sluggish natures known.

Our ship was made fast at Pacific Wharf. The bustle and confusion that ensued, the noise and pertinacity of the hotel-runners, while not so great as on Market Street wharf to-day, were quite exciting and vociferous enough to satisfy the demands of the time and to fully gratify the expectations of a boy like myself.

The crowding and curiosity to see the newly arrived eastern-folk were about like one finds now in Sonora, Mexico.

San Francisco in 1852!

What a straggling, primitive town it was! But much grown and changed since four years before.

Previous to the discovery of gold in California, San Francisco was only a calling place for whalers, and a port from which skins and hides were shipped. A few rudely built houses, no streets, no wharves. Nothing, except its magnificent harbor, to mark it as the place that was to become the future great metropolis of the Pacific Coast.

But at the time of the landing of our party improvement and civilization had obtained a strong foothold.

I still remember walking up to the old Rasette House, on the corner of Sansome and Bush Streets, where now stands the Cosmopolitan Hotel. It was a plain wooden structure, in the rear of which rose a sand-hill fully seventy-five feet high.

Even then the city claimed a population of ten thousand souls. Sansome on Commercial and Clay Streets touched the Bay.

The Niantic and Tehama, popular hotels of the time, on these streets were built upon hulks of old vessels. The streets were not graded but could boast of rude, plank sidewalks in front of most of the buildings.

Rats, by millions, infested the city, and seemed to constitute the principal live-stock of the place. After dark these pests became so venturesome one had to kick them from the sidewalks as he proceeded down the streets.

Wholesale houses were already established on Battery, Sansome and the eastern side of Front Streets. Many of these establishments occupied by importers and jobbers, were built upon piles which rose above the Bay.

William T. Coleman & Co., J. H. Coghill & Co., and Arrington & Co., were the principal grocers. Kelly, Janson & Bond, the leading dry-goods jobbers. The harbor was filled with the hulks of old vessels, which were used for the storage of merchandise.

On Montgomery Street, south of Pine, there was no building; in fact, there was nothing on this street south of California Street. On going south from that street one waded deeper and deeper in the sand-hills. Across Market Street was what was called "Happy Valley." Still farther south, Yerba Bueno, which had been utilized by the earlier settlers as a burying ground.

The old Mission Church was reached by a horse-back ride from Montgomery Street.

All the land beyond Taylor Street, not covered by sand-hills, was used for growing potatoes. For many years the Mission potato of San Francisco was famous throughout the state of California. Long Wharf extended from Sansome Street, on Commercial, to Drum Street. The river steamers left this wharf for the interior towns of Stockton, Marysville and Sacramento. To Marysville freight was thirty dollars per ton, to Stockton twenty dollars and to Sacramento ten. A steamboat would, by its profits in this trade, pay for itself in one month. Commercial Street, from Sansome to Montgomery on either side, was lined with Jew clothing stores,—“Peter Funk Auction Stores” they were called.

Great crowds would gather in front of these places in the evenings, where the auctioneers, mounted on counters, would offer their goods for sale. Sometimes beginning with some small article, such as a pair of woolen socks, at, say, a hundred dollars, then rapidly descend in price to, perhaps, seventy-five cents, when with the exclamation:

“I will never take a cent less,” the bidders would be notified that the bottom price had been reached. And so the entertainment and sales would go. It was a busy scene. The street for the entire square crowded as it was with clamorous customers, the vociferous auctioneers making noise enough to deafen the ears, if not to interest all passers-by.

A hundred venders of patent medicines could not successfully vie with them.

Baths, in those days, were two dollars. To get a shave and make a complete toilet would have required a full pocket-book, did one indulge in such luxuries as often as good taste required.

One or two French restaurants were in operation, with meals at two dollars and fifty cents, the lowest price. Numerous other restaurants, the principal ones being Aldrich's and Winn's,—the latter noted for his hot-cakes and golden syrup.

Beef, game and fish were abundant. The sea-gull rookeries, of the Farilones supplied the market with gull-eggs, which sold for one dollar per dozen.

Hens' eggs were worth almost their weight in gold.

I remember a couple of young men recently landed from Tennessee, dropped into Aldrich's for breakfast one morning. Not being aware of the rarity, and consequent prices of eggs in California, and having five dollars still left with which to pay for breakfast for two, calmly ordered their usual breakfast of eggs and toast. When the bill was presented the young gentlemen saw, to their consternation, that the amount was ten dollars. They had only five, what was to be done?

After a consultation together it was decided that one of them should remain while the other should go out to look for Colonel Gift, an old time friend whom they knew to be in the city.

The Colonel was soon found, who, after hearing the story of his young friend and asking who was with him, inquired what they had had for breakfast.

"Eggs," was the reply.

"Eggs! Eggs!" exclaimed the Colonel. "Did you not know, you blankety-blank fool, that hens lay gold in California?"

"I did not, but I do," said our young friend.

"Well," continued the Colonel, kindly handing over a fifty dollar gold slug, "take this and remember, after this, that you are not in Tennessee, where eggs are given away."

In those days San Francisco did not lack for places of amusement in the way of gambling halls. Chief among them was the old Eldorado, a large building on Kearney and Washington Streets which afterwards became the Hall of Records. The "Eldorado" was a typical western palace of amusement of that early time; being a gambling house, with all kinds of games played by all kinds of people.

Gold coins of five, ten, twenty and gold slugs of fifty dollar values were not uncommon, while actual pyramids of gold bars were piled high on the tables, oftentimes representing in value, many hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Games were unlimited. Bets from one thousand to five thousand dollars, on a single card, were not infrequent. The largest bet of which I ever heard was made and won here.

A man, by the name of Moore, had been betting and lost over and over, sums aggregating several thousand dollars, on the game of faro. Finally as he turned to leave, the dealer asked:

"Are you through?"

Moore halted, hesitated, then turning and taking from his pocket a key, held it up and said:

"I will bet you everything in my safe, which this key unlocks, on the ten."

"How much is in your safe?" inquired the dealer.

"I do not know, but it is a large sum. If you win take the key, open the safe and secure all the money you find there. If I win, we will go to the safe together, count the money and you must cover the amount," was the answer.

The challenge was accepted, the bet made and Moore won something over forty-seven thousand dollars.

Along the side of this gambling-room was a bar about forty feet long, where drinks were sold. Eight bar-keepers were required to supply the customers.

Old John Kelly, the violinist, was employed at one hundred dollars a night to furnish music for the room. The old fellow would rattle off the "Arkansaw Traveller," in his own inimitable style, step down from his place, take a drink then go on with some other as familiar or melodious tune; again descend for another drink and so continue till the atmosphere was a strange blending of whiskey and music.

The boys, touched by some reminiscent chord sent forth by the old musician's hand, to show their appreciation of his skill would treat and re-treat old John until he could drink no more.

The main floor of this gambling-hall, a space of fifty by a hundred and twenty feet was covered with

tables. On the second floor it was the same, but frequented by a more exclusive set. All kinds of men were to be found here; men who had followed all kinds of occupations.

One, who was engaged in running a faro-table, I remember, was pointed out to me as having once been a Methodist preacher. Younger sons of noble families, graduates from English, Scottish and American institutions of learning jostled against the most lowly sailor, mechanic and longshoreman; lawyers, doctors, merchants, and some prominent in historical affairs, elbowed their way among desperados, cut-throats and petty thieves. A motley crowd, gathered from all quarters of the globe, mingling here in one common mass. Gamblers were the aristocrats of the day; the only men who wore "biled" shirts.

Chinamen were a familiar sight, in those days as well as now, on the streets of San Francisco. Almost every day one could see a crowd of them, with their bamboo-sticks across their shoulders, loaded with burdens at each end, composed of their belongings, trotting along to the river boats, making their way into the interior.

Chinese were the only servants to be had. Being deft and quick to learn, they were often employed in domestic service, for wages ranging from seventy-five to one hundred dollars a month.

It was amusing to note that the first thing a Chinaman usually bought for himself, after arriving in America, was a pair of boots; the largest size he could possibly

get; perhaps a number eleven or twelve, padding his feet with rags to make them large enough to fill the boots. The reason for this was, that in China, only mandarins are allowed to wear boots, the size of the boot indicating the station of the wearer. So, it was with great pride that the poor cooly, when once in free America, donned this insignia of distinction, the clumsiness and weight seeming as nothing when compared with the satisfaction he felt in wearing the boots.

CHAPTER II.

After being in San Francisco about a month, I found employment with Cooke & Le Count, wholesale and retail book-sellers and stationers. Cooke had been a newsboy in New York and managed to cross the Isthmus by the first steamship in 1850, carrying with him twelve hundred copies of the New York Herald, his only capital.

In one hour after landing he had disposed of all his papers at one dollar each.

This enabled him to set up in business and establish a flourishing concern.

The firm did a large retail and wholesale business in newspapers, books and stationery. Steamships arrived and departed bi-monthly. Every steamer arriving brought them papers by the thousands from the Eastern states and England. These sold at retail at twenty-five cents a copy; and at twelve and a half cents wholesale. San Francisco papers would issue a steamer edition for each out-going steamer, which they sold to the dealers for twelve and a half cents per copy. On each "steamer-day" Cooke & Le Count would sell over their counter, of these, from one thousand to fifteen hundred copies.

Nothing was retailed at less than twenty-five cents. A lead pencil, a dozen steel pens, and other like articles,

twenty-five cents each. A book costing seventy-five cents would easily bring two or three dollars, and so on through the list of retail articles. Wholesale profits readily averaged one hundred per cent. Profits in all lines of merchandise were equally large.

The firm of Treadwell & Co. was doing a large hardware business. L. L. Treadwell, the founder, sailed from Boston in "Forty-nine," coming around the Horn. Some one credited him with twelve half-barrels of apples. When he landed in San Francisco apples were in demand. He readily sold out the stock at a dollar and a quarter a pound, which gave him a start, and he amassed a fortune.

Sam Brannan was then reputed to be the largest real estate owner in San Francisco. His income was said to be ten thousand dollars a month from rentals.

It was said that he joined the Mormons in Utah, in 1847, and was made their treasurer. The Church and Brethren handed over their funds to him as treasurer in the name of the Lord. He gathered up the coin and suddenly left Utah for parts unknown.

After making a trip to the Sandwich Islands he returned as far as San Francisco, where he invested the money of the Saints in real estate. The Mormons, it is claimed, sent a delegation from Utah asking for a return of their deposits. Brannan informed them that all the money he had belonged to the Lord, and whenever they presented a duly authenticated check from the Lord he would honor its payment.

Halleck, Peachy, Billings & Park was the largest

law firm in San Francisco, at the time. John Halleck, a "West Pointer," was the head of the firm. He was afterward prominent in the Civil War, as the director of military events from Washington. Peachy lived and died in San Francisco. Fred Billings returned to his former home in New England. He became prominent in railway circles; and was one of the founders of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Trainer W. Park, a Bostonian, settled in New York city, and became identified with large industrial and financial enterprises leaving an estate of many millions of dollars when he died.

Every member of this firm obtained his start in California between 1851 and 1856.

The principal papers in San Francisco, then, were the "Alta California," a Whig paper edited by Ed. Gilbert, who, not long afterwards, was killed in a duel; and the San Francisco "Herald" with John Nugent editor. Nugent was a bright man, a New York Irishman, always dressed in the height of fashion, wearing a nobby hat and affecting a dandy cane, he seemed almost out of place among the bustling, whirling, stirring, badly dressed seekers after fortune that composed the citizenship not only of the city of San Francisco but of the state at large.

When I first saw him he was wearing his arm in a sling from the effects of a wound received in a duel with a man named Cotton. This was hardly healed when he challenged Tom Hayes to the field of honor,

only to receive another bullet this time in the fleshy part of his leg.

David C. Broderick, at that time serving as State Senator, was then and up to the time of his death the political boss of San Francisco.

Page, Bacon & Co. did the largest banking business in the city, with Adams & Co. a close second.

Adams & Co. were the expressmen of the state, having branches in almost every mining camp throughout California, carrying not only packages of merchandise and gold-dust, but letters also, at twenty-five and fifty cents apiece. Both Adams & Co., and Page, Bacon & Co. failed in 1855, during the general panic of that year, which was so severe as to close every discount bank in the city except those of Tallent & Wilde, and Drexel, Sather & Church.

Wells, Fargo & Co., who had established themselves in a small way as expressmen, became the successors of Adams & Co., in their line of business. To-day, as is well known, it is one of the most substantial institutions of the country.

About the year 1850 James and Peter Donahue started a little blacksmith shop near the water front. They were industrious Irish boys from New Jersey. These boys made the acquaintance of J. Y. McDuffy, a gambler, who loaned them a thousand dollars with which to buy iron and steel, and they thus laid the foundation of their fortune. They afterwards projected the gas works of San Francisco and founded what is known as the Union Iron Works. James

Donahue died soon but Peter survived him long enough to build the railroad to Cloverdale, and San Jose.

During the winter of 1852-3 all kinds of merchandise was sold throughout the state at the most extravagant prices. Flour was sold in San Francisco at fifty-five dollars a barrel, wholesale. Ham and bacon shipped around the Horn and so full of salt it took six hours to freshen it sufficiently to make it edible, was sold at thirty-five cents a pound; and butter also shipped around the Horn, salted in brine, sold for sixty and seventy cents, sugar at twenty-five and other things in proportion.

When these articles of necessity were delivered and sold at the mines the prices were doubled and quadrupled.

Workmen received good wages. Longshoremen, for instance, received a dollar an hour and mechanics from twelve to fifteen dollars a day.

In 1854 I first went to Marysville, which was then the base of supplies for adjacent territory.

Money was abundant.

The great majority of the population being young men almost entirely without home restraint, they were fond of excitement and full of enterprise.

Gambling houses and dance-halls did a flourishing business.

Most of the goods sent out from Marysville, were packed into the mountains, although there was much teaming. The freight charges ranged from one cent a pound to as high as twenty.

Every day from two hundred to a thousand mules were loaded and sent out, besides the many teams that left the town for the mines in the foot-hills.

Placer mining flourished. People were always ready to believe any story, however fabulous, pertaining to a new discovery of gold.

A story was circulated, I remember, of the marvelous richness of Gold Lake, where, it was said, men could earn with pick and shovel from five hundred to a thousand dollars a day. Thousands left diggings where they were making from twenty-five to a hundred dollars a day for the new mining camp in Sierra county, only to find that they had been handsomely buncoed. Of course their old claims, on their return, had been seized.

The same thing occurred in 1855, when half the miners of the north went upon a wild goose chase to Kern River in what is now known as Kern County. Again, in 1857, they left by thousands for Frazer River in British Columbia. In the last named place there was gold in a limited quantity but the best of it only paid ten dollars a day.

In 1849 Andrew Goodyear located on Goodyear's Bar, on the Yuba River. Here he kept a small supply store at the same time mining on the river-bar. In November of that year Major Downie came to the camp and spent four or five days there, then went up the river four or five miles to what is now Downieville, prospecting for gold. In four days he returned with thirty-six hundred dollars in gold dust which he had

picked out of the crevices of the rock with his jack-knife.

Downie paid Goodyear twelve hundred dollars for two barrels of flour and offered twelve hundred more to have it taken up to his camp. Goodyear saw there was a storm coming on, so declined the offer, as he had to get his mules over the mountains and place them under shelter to prevent their being snowed in. Such animals were too valuable to risk losing even for so handsome a sum as twelve hundred dollars.

Negro Tent was at the foot of the mountain about fifteen miles from Goodyear's Bar. In crossing the mountain Goodyear lost about half of his mules in the snow-drifts, but reached Negro Tent by evening and spent the night drinking whiskey at the price of one dollar a drink. Upon hearing him relate this I asked if he did not get drunk.

"Get drunk?" he exclaimed, "Not on that whiskey. Those negroes must have bought a barrel of whiskey some time the previous spring and as fast as it was drawn out refilled it with water; so by the time I got there, there was mighty little left of whiskey but the smell."

In 1849-50 almost all the mining was done by "rockers." In 1851 this scheme had given place to what was called a "long tom"—a wooden sluice twenty feet long, with cleats of wood in the bottom, into which pay dirt and gravel was shoveled. The gravel and debris was washed off while the gold remained in the

bottom among the cleats. Some ground along the river, especially where it was "wing-dammed," was marvelously rich.

During 1852 hydraulic power was introduced by a man named Laird, a Georgian, at Grass Valley. He had little more than a garden hose, the duck-casing being light. From this small beginning came the hydraulic giant of the present day, throwing its eight hundred to a thousand inches of water, washing down mountain-sides.

In 1852 the "Live Yankee Company" in Forest City, Sierra County, discovered the "Ancient River Bed," where gold was found in a gulch and seemed to extend under a mountain which rose two thousand feet. They tunneled into the mountain-side and there disclosed, in the bed of an old river, great quantities of very rich river-gravel. This Company declared dividends to the extent of six millions of dollars.

It is now a well-established fact that, at one time in the remote past, the rivers of California must have run in a different direction from that of their present course, and that a second upheaval of nature buried these ancient rivers beneath mountain ranges towering from one to three thousand feet high.

The "Oregon," another mining company there, had claims which also proved very rich.

This rich section came to be known as the "Blue Gravel Diggings," and ten years later the old river bed had been traced from Forest City, through the "Fur Cap," "Eureka" and "Montezuma" to "Wash-

ington Camp" in Plumas County, a distance of fifty miles.

Many miners spent years in running tunnels into the mountains in efforts to strike this ancient river bed at other points; some consuming two or three years in the task, and were rewarded, in a measure, by securing comfortable fortunes therefrom.

The fluming of rivers was first commenced on Feather River, near Bidwell's Bar in the year 1853.

Some of these river claims were valueless while others paid enormously; and it was through this that I first became interested in mining. It occurred somewhat in this wise.

In 1856 my partner and I were the owners of a rough, wooden building, on Feather River, which had been used as a boarding house. A man by the name of Hart secured contracts to flume several claims on the river near us. The claims were the "Junction," "Niagara" and the "Ohio." Hart proposed to buy our house, and I offered to let him have it for six hundred dollars. Had he made me an offer of two hundred dollars he could have had the house. His reply to my offer was, that if I would take twenty-seven hundred dollars' worth of stock of his companies and would give him a thousand dollars as he wanted it, he would allow me seventeen hundred dollars on the house. This was in April, 1856.

The bargain was made.

About the twentieth of September the claims on the river were drained, and within the next six weeks

I had realized from my investment about twenty-seven thousand dollars, when there came a rise in the river that washed out the dams and destroyed the flumes which put a stop to our mining for that time.

Quartz-mining, at this time, was not a favorite industry. It had been prosecuted to some extent in Nevada and other counties of California, but the methods used were very crude. In using it the rock had to be very rich to make it pay, as the crushing of the ore was done almost entirely by arrastras; sometimes run by water-power, but in the majority of cases by horses or mules.

One of these arrastras could crush only about five hundred to a thousand pounds a day.

Shortly after this came the introduction of the Chili Mills, built after the fashion of the arrastras. The Chili Mills were composed of two heavy rollers which were made of solid stones, from a thousand to twelve hundred pounds in weight. There were two stones in a mill. By this process the ore was first broken into pieces about the size of a hen's egg, before being introduced into the arrastra, as much as a ton a day could be easily milled.

The first real quartz mill was erected in Mariposa in 1850. The second in Nevada City in 1851; in 1858, there were 258 in the state, having 2600 stamps, only about 50 were successfully worked.

They were crude affairs, most of them having wooden stems; but it was not long before these were replaced by those of iron. In these first machines the stem did

not revolve. Only a few years elapsed before the mill which crushed only half a ton to the stamp was improved so as to crush from two to three tons to the stamp. At first these stamp mills ran not exceeding forty drops to the minute; the stamps were light, weighing not more than five hundred pounds; and the amalgamating process was done on the outside copper plates.

About this time quicksilver was introduced into the batteries by George D. Roberts, in a quartz mill in Grass Valley, California. The discovery proved so universally satisfactory that it was soon adopted everywhere.

Quartz mining grew apace. Among the quartz mines located in the early days were the old "Allison Ranch," in Nevada County, the "Sierra Buttes," in Sierra County and the "Plumas Eureka," in Plumas County. All of these were rich and famous mines, paying their owners handsomely.

In 1853 a man by the name of Brannan came into Grass Valley and located what was afterwards known as the "Rocky Bar" mine. He organized a company with a capital of \$80,000, all of which was expended upon a tunnel, in a vain endeavor to strike a vein at a low depth. He called upon his friends for more money, for he felt certain of success in the end. Reluctantly they yielded. \$20,000 more was used. That gone, still \$25,000 more of his own was expended, and still barren rock was his only reward. A fit of desperation seized the man; he could stand no more.

He rushed home, killed his wife and three little children and finished the terrible tragedy by committing suicide. He left a note saying, that he felt that he not only had ruined himself but had impoverished his friends. Having no desire to live longer, and not wishing to leave his wife and little ones to the cold charity of the world, he had concluded to take them with himself across the border.

The same tunnel which drove poor Brannan to despair was sold for a nominal sum to William and Robert Watt, two brothers, employed at the time in the camp as mechanical engineers. In two days after they commenced work upon it, the ledge of gold was found. Its width was from six inches to four feet. At six inches the ore ran \$1,000 to the ton; when four feet it averaged \$50. And so these two young men mined away, until they dipped into another claim. Their dividends, before this time, had reached over \$2,250,000.

Two days' work but too often measures the distance between abject poverty and fabulous wealth.

To illustrate the varying fortunes of those engaged in what has since become known as pocket diggings, or veins, I recall the following: In 1856 there was discovered in Butte County the 49-56, a quartz mine from which was taken \$130,000 in five weeks, with only a small four stamp mill, and when this pocket was worked out no more was found. In 1857 a man by the name of Chandler took from a decomposed quartz vein in Yuba County \$60,000 in three weeks, and bottomed the mine. In 1868 my brother, Wm. A

Farish, and partners, took from one of the veins the largest nugget ever found in the state. At the time he was Superintendent of the Sierra Buttes Mine owned by Reis Bros., who placed him in charge of the property when he was only twenty years old, and under his management it paid handsomely.

The following account of its discovery is given by my brother, John B. Farish:

"I was a boy visiting my brother, Wm. A. Farish, Superintendent of the Sierra Buttes Mine in Sierra County, California, when the big nugget was discovered. Jim Winsted, an old prospector and cattle man of that neighborhood, then told me the story of the discovery of the Monumental Mine, and, being a boy, the story sunk deeply upon my mind. He stated that about the year 1861 or '62, some merchants and operators from San Francisco were visiting at the Sierra Buttes Mine. As they were riding down the trail one of the mules became obstreperous and engaged in some frantic bucking at one point on the trail. The next morning some of the gentlemen returning on foot were noticing the way in which the mule had scratched up the trail, when to the surprise of all one of them picked up a little gold nugget worth about a dollar. They kept the discovery secret but prospected to some extent over the hill without finding the source from which the nugget came. Exhausting their vacation and meeting Winsted, they told him of their discovery and exhibited the nugget. Winsted, Wm. A. Farish and one other systematically prospected the hill, the method

being to pan regularly across the hill, noting the points at which colors of gold failed to appear in the pan. After determining one such line, their pannings were made along a similar course at a higher point on the hill. Along this second course the limits of the gold were found at points nearer together than in the first, the lower line. The third, fourth and fifth lines were determined until two approximate lines were determined extending up and down the hill, diverging at the bottom and converging at the top. Having determined this they began sinking holes and trenching in the soft loam and at the apex and it was not long before they located a little narrow seam of very rich decomposed quartz. The quartz was thoroughly decomposed and sprinkled all through with gold. A sluice box was put in and during the summer some \$25,000 or \$30,000 was washed out from the surface gravel and material from the shaft which reached a depth of some 25 feet. At this point the crevice, the gold and everything seemed to disappear and though the shaft was sunk a number of feet deeper and little drifts were run in each direction, nothing of sufficient value to encourage further work was found and the Monumental Mine became a thing of the past. Winsted embarked in the cattle business and was quite successful in it until the summer of '68 when affairs went rather against him. One evening going down the trail from the Sierra Buttes mine to his home near Sierra City with a crow-bar on his shoulder and wondering how he could "raise the dust" he passed the old Monumental

Mine, and it still being early in the afternoon, went into the bottom of the old shaft and with the crow-bar began churning a hole along what appeared to be the line of the crevice that had been so rich above. He dug the hole as deep as he could, pulling the dirt out with his hand. The dirt that was taken from the bottom of the hole he carefully tied in his handkerchief and carried it to his house where panning showed enough encouragement for him to do further prospecting. From this point on I was, as a boy, cognizant of the facts, which as I now remember, were as follows: Honest, as the old California prospector usually was, he notified all of his old partners, and the claim which had been abandoned and open to location by any one who desired to take it up, was re-located, all partners having the same interests they originally had. Two men were put to work,—an Irishman by the name of John Tierney, who had been educated for the priesthood but who had retrograded, and a Mexican known as Mexican Frank. Sluice boxes were fixed up and in the first three weeks something over \$3,000 was washed out. Wandering around over the hills, I showed up one afternoon at the mouth of the Monumental shaft just after the noon hour and saw Tierney and Frank in the bottom eagerly and frantically chopping and prying in a crevice about eight inches wide. I called to them to know what was the matter, when Tierney exclaimed in an excited way: "The whole bottom of the shaft is solid gold! Look at that!" And with that he held up a piece that was as large as his double

fists which he had pried out. Young as I was, I told him that whatever it was to get it out whole and not break it up. They rather objected to this, saying that it would take too much digging and cost too much, but I insisted, and during the conversation my brother, Wm. A. Farish, appeared, and going into the shaft, supplemented my request with his orders. The nugget as taken out weighed 103 pounds. It was boiled in nitric acid for one afternoon and weighed 97 pounds avoirdupois after being cleaned. Some six or eight pieces of it varying in size from that of a single fist to that of a double fist had been broken off before the directions came to take it out whole. Had this additional amount not been broken off, the weight would have been augmented by probably 20 or 25 pounds. They continued taking out the rich dirt in the bottom of the shaft until midnight, when it gave out as suddenly as it appeared. The total production at this time was \$56,000, of which the nugget formed almost half. One of the interests was sold in the excitement for what appeared to be a very small sum, but though the remaining owners did a great deal of work and expended quite a number of thousands of dollars, nothing more has ever been found in the Monumental Mine.

These pocket mines were common in Maricopa, Butte, Sierra Plumas, Shasta and Trinity counties but hardly known in Nevada, Amador and Calaveras counties.

The first quartz mill I ever saw was at the old "Banner" mine in Butte county, near Oregon City, California, owned by Sparks and Smith. It was a twelve stamp mill, and could crush probably eight to ten tons a day. Their ore milled \$200 per ton. They had a little cabin about 12x20 feet in which to transact their business. Twelve feet square, in front, was used as an office, and the rear room was used as a store-house for champagne, which they very liberally distributed.

The ore-chimney in this mine was about 400 feet long, with an average width of about four feet. They worked this down to about 200 feet, when water was encountered, and they were unable to further handle it, for lack of pumping machinery.

So mine and money and champagne all gave out.

It may be stated that placer and river mining were exhausted in the state in 1857, after which attention was directed to hydraulic and vein mining, both methods requiring large investment of capital in order to be successful in them.

From this time on California was no longer the poor man's paradise, where he could get gold without the outlay of money.

Many quartz mines were found and developed into paying properties, but the prospector shared only to a very small extent in the prosperity of the mines he found.

But little was known of vein mining in those days. The education of miners, in that direction, may be

said to date from 1859, when the Comstock Lode was discovered in what was then the Territory of Washoe, but now the state of Nevada.

My first trip to the Comstock was in the spring of 1860. The dangers attending those engaged in the primitive scheme of carrying freight at this time can best be illustrated by one of my own experiences.

I had become the owner of a mule train and in May of that year took out to Carson City a cargo of freight on twenty-eight pack-mules, receiving therefor twenty cents per pound. After I had started from Marysville, I learned that the Ormsby party, comprising seventy-five men, had started from Virginia City to punish the Piute Indians for numerous depredations, and had been ambushed and nearly the whole party massacred. This news reached me at Downieville by letter. The owners of the goods I was carrying, instructed me to store the goods and return.

Being young and inexperienced I did not realize that by obeying orders the owners of the merchandise were made liable for the freight whenever I could deliver the goods. After sizing up the situation I determined to go forward until I should at least see some Indians, feeling perfectly safe with my big navy revolver in my belt.

My packers were unarmed.

After leaving Jamison City and striking the valleys of Nevada, the country for fifty or sixty miles was deserted. The Indians had retired to their stronghold

at Pyramid Lake, some thirty-five miles to the west of the road I was traveling and I passed through safely.

In the meantime there had been organized three companies of volunteers from California, and one company from the Territory under Col. Jack Hayes (famous in the annals of the Mexican war as the leader of the Texas regiment) to proceed against the Indians.

After delivering the goods I went to their camp about 12 miles from Virginia City, where I was informed of the forth-coming tussle, and all were eager to meet the redskins.

The fight took place about six days after this.

Many Indians were killed with no loss to the whites, and so far as the Piutes were concerned, peace was restored.

After leaving the camp of the soldiers I traveled alone ahead of my train. Some 20 miles beyond Peavine I took the wrong trail which carried me to Long Valley near Honey Lake Valley.

At ten o'clock that night, having traveled 90 miles that day, I unsaddled my mule and camped for the night. It was quite cold and to keep warm I covered myself the best I could with my saddle-blanket, for I feared to make a fire, the light of which might attract the notice of the Indians. From the lay of the land I felt quite sure that I was near their stronghold. My suspicious, I confess, caused me some uneasiness.

At dawn I was astir, saddled my mule, and started out to prospect any cabin I might find for food, as I

had eaten nothing since the previous morning. I found nothing; the owners had taken everything with them when they left.

The Piutes were again at it. Not a white man could be seen in or about any cabin in the valley. I tried to fire my revolver but found that the caps would not explode. After riding about five miles I started back, when I saw in the distance three or four figures on horse-back traveling ahead of me.

I knew they were Indians, because they wore no hats.

Dodging into a ravine, I waited for the Indians to get out of sight. It was not the most pleasant waiting.

Four o'clock in the afternoon found me back in Peavine. After taking a sleep I learned of the past night's Indian raid in Honey Lake Valley, where they had burned five houses not more than five miles from where I slept alone in my saddle-blanket. I congratulated myself on my escape; for I had no desire to be an Indian's victim and have my scalp adorning his wigwam.

My train of pack-mules, in the meantime, had gone steadily and safely ahead. My men not finding me at Jamison City believed that I had been murdered by the Indians and were organizing a force to go in search of me, which was obviated by my timely arrival.

CHAPTER III

Upon my arrival in San Francisco, in 1852, almost all religious denominations were represented. Not alone in the metropolis but in all the leading interior towns. It was only a short time after this until churches were erected in all parts of the state. Catholic priests and protestant ministers in friendly rivalry vied with each other in diverting the thoughts and minds of men from the illusive pleasures of earth life and directing them to the more solid and enduring treasures awaiting those who live and die in the Faith.

Among those who were prominent in the fifties, as ministers in San Francisco, were Dr. Briggs of the North Methodist church, Dr. Scott, Presbyterian, Bishop Kipp, Episcopalian, Dr. T. Starr King, Unitarian and Dr. Fitzgerald of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Among the Roman Catholics was Arch-Bishop Allemany, who presided over the numerous priesthood of the Pacific coast. Especially prominent among these were Fathers Burchard, Villigre and Gallagher, all learned and eloquent men devoting their lives to the advancement of Christianity.

Dr. Fitzgerald, who has since risen to a Bishopric in his church, was elected School Superintendent of the state in 1867. He was a man of rare intellectual attainments and as a pulpit orator, sedate, earnest

and logical. In private life he was full of fun and frolic, possessed of great personal magnetism, not bigotted, but broad and liberal minded, tender and sympathetic, charitable in thought and deed he was much beloved by all who knew him; and more especially by the young people of the day. With these he entered heartily into all their innocent amusements, and by his wit and humor often made himself the life of the party.

Public schools were established in California in 1853, I think. These gradually improved and increased in number as families multiplied and as the revenues for these purposes became greater. So, in the excited, feverish days of the early gold-hunters was laid the foundation for public morals and civic virtues, in the building of school houses and church edifices, from which have grown the splendid institutions of the kind that crown and bless the Golden State to-day.

From the time of the admission of California into the Union, the state has been, and is, noted for the ability and brilliancy of her bar. As early as the fifties such eminent men as Stephen J. Field, S. Heydenfelt, Joe Baldwin, Hugh Murray, Joseph P. Hoge, Henry H. Haight, Eugene Casserly and many others of note, shone as legal lights and left the impress of their genius upon the litigation and legislation of the times.

A Mr. Lawrence was the attorney for Palmer, Cooke & Co., a most able lawyer but very eccentric, as the following anecdotes of his life, as told to me by Mr. Palmer, will go to show.



FINDING THE BIG NUGGET.—Page 42.

At one time, after a night of drinking and gambling, he one afternoon called on Palmer at the bank, dressed in gray flannel shirt and over-alls, a broad-brimmed hat, a belt containing two six-shooters and a bowie-knife around his waist, and informed Palmer that he intended to leave on the afternoon boat for Sacramento and the mines.

"Why do you do that?" inquired Palmer.

"Because I have spent all my money and must earn more," said Lawrence, who never kept any account of how he stood at the bank.

"Why," said Palmer, "you have not spent all your money, surely. Let me see." And turning to the book of daily account he continued, "You have a credit here of \$5,000."

"Have I?" asked Lawrence incredulously.

"Yes, so the books show."

"Well, then I will not go," decided Lawrence, who returned to his office and his practice of law.

Palmer told me that he had always to keep Lawrence supplied with money. Lawrence never presented a bill for his services nor stated a fee.

"I gave him money as he needed it, and he never drew more than the bank owed him," was what Palmer said to me.

Lawrence left suddenly for Australia, and no one knew where he had gone. Palmer finally located him at Melbourne, by the following incident:

One day while reading a Melbourne paper Palmer's attention was drawn to a noted case that was being

tried in the courts there. The account stated that the attorney who was conducting one side of the case was very much surprised one day by a visit from a sheep-herder who gave his name as Lawrence. He said he wished to talk to the lawyer about the case in progress. The attorney supposed the man simply had some new testimony to offer and gave him an audience, when, to his utter surprise this "sheep-herder" launched forth into a dissertation on the legal points, saying:

"I have watched the progress of this case in my sheep camp, and believing you have justice on your side, would like to see you win."

The lawyer became so impressed with the learning and ability of the man that he employed him as advisory counsel.

Joe Palmer recognized at once in this sheep-herder of Melbourne his former legal adviser and sent a special messenger out to Australia to induce Lawrence to return.

He made a brilliant record in the courts of California, and was on his way to Washington City to argue a land case for his clients, Palmer, Cooke & Co., in 1856, when the ship, the "Central America," on which he sailed went down. The brave Lawrence refused to leave the boat until all the women and children were provided with means of escape; and the last that was seen of that big-hearted, if eccentric man, was as he calmly leaned against the main-mast of the ill-fated vessel, quietly smoking a cigar.

In 1852 San Francisco could boast of only one theatre, the Metropolitan, a primitive structure, indeed, compared with the theatres of to-day.

It was situated on Montgomery Street, corner of Jackson, if I remember rightly.

This was the first playhouse erected in the town. It was built, I think, by Tom Maguire. I have seen a note which was drawn by Maguire in 1850, in connection with this theatre, bearing 5% interest a month. I think the amount on the face of the note was \$3,000. He had paid on it some \$8,000, and in 1857 still owed about \$15,000.

At this theatre I saw Edwin Booth play as a stock actor, also Junius Brutus Booth, his brother; and such stars as the elder J. K. Hackett, Julia Deane Hayne, Julia Davenport, who afterwards married General Lander, who was killed in the Civil War,— Edwin Forrest and his wife, the Guggenheim sisters, Buchanan, James Stark and wife, the old Bryant Minstrels and others prominent in the theatrical world at that time.

Maguire showed a great deal of enterprise in bringing such people to the Coast, considering the difficulties of the journey and the time necessary to be consumed.

The theatre was largely patronized, not only in San Francisco but in the interior towns of Stockton, Sacramento and Marysville.

About the year 1857 the new Bella Union, on Kearney Street, was started as a sort of music hall and Gilbert's Melodeon, not quite so pretentious, I think, about a year later.

Lola Montez, who set the public tongue wagging, made her first appearance in October, 1853, at the Metropolitan. She attracted large audiences at the time and was the idol of the gilded youth of the day. She married an editor in San Francisco, but soon after her honeymoon, horse-whipped him and turned him adrift. Soon after this she settled in Nevada City, dying there a few years later.

Before she came to California Lola Montez had been the mistress of the King of Bavaria. My recollection of her is that she was about five feet two inches tall, blue-eyed, dark hair; a fine form and full of fascination for men. While in Nevada City she met the Crabtree family, and taking a fancy to Lotta, then a very small girl, taught her to dance. Old man Crabtree settled at Laporte, in Plumas County, about 1856.

The principal saloon in Laporte was kept by a man named Bona, who was a very fine violinist. Every Saturday night the miners would gather in this saloon, and little Lotta would dance for the crowd; and the miners would shower dollars, halves and quarters on the little girl; which greatly increased the fund in the family treasury. Lotta first appeared on the stage at Gilbert's Melodeon in San Francisco, in 1859, and in 1860, at the Bella Union. Every theatre-goer knows her stellar history. How she became one of the most profitable stars and it is reputed that she retired worth some \$3,000,000.

Ada Isaacs Menkin was born in New Orleans, and came to California in 1858, capturing the town by her

realistic presentation of Mazeppa. She was a very handsome woman, and, like Lola Montez, most charming but inconstant in her affections.

After playing in the different theatres of San Francisco she went to New York. I think she went in the company of Heenan, known as the "Benicia Boy," who stood at that time foremost among the American pugilists.

Heenan was a boiler maker, employed in the government works at Benicia. His great strength having attracted the "sports" of the day, he was trained for the ring. From New York he sailed for England where he was matched with the great English fighter, Tom Sayers. Menkin accompanied him.

Soon after reaching England Menkin deserted Heenan and returned to New York where she formed the acquaintance of Jim Barclay, a California gambler. He took her to Paris, squandered a fortune upon her, and with her usual inconstancy, she deserted him for the elder Dumas, with whom she lived for a number of years.

So infatuated was Barclay with her that when she died it was said he spent \$30,000 in the erection of a monument to her memory and in the decoration of her grave in Paris.

CHAPTER IV

Life with the pioneers, or "argonauts," as they are now called, was in the early days in California a wild and exciting one.

Young men full of energy and spirit of adventure, generous, often prodigal with their money, unrestrained by social ties,—as there were few women in the west—the embodiment of enterprise and courage, a perfect representation of the true American spirit of progress, they formed a complete antithesis to the Puritan spirit of the East. Here were represented every state in the Union, every civilization of the world. They heeded not the attractions of the valleys, great though they were; rich in agricultural possibilities, but were drawn on by the more seductive promises of fortune in "The Diggings."

From 1852 to 1855 the steamships on each return were crowded with the fortunate ones who were returning home, each with what he called his "pile"; being fortunes ranging from \$10,000 to \$100,000.

Lands were in a wild uncultivated state. A Spanish grant around San Jose could have been bought for fifty cents an acre.

Wheat for a great many years, after it began to be grown in California, was shipped around the Horn to New York, and all the flour that was used was imported. There were no flouring mills in the state at that time.

Horace Davis, of San Francisco, founded and owned the Golden Gate Flour Mills about 1855. Mills around Marysville and Stockton were started about the same time. And the Chinese and Portuguese began to raise vegetables for the San Francisco market.

Up to this time very little fruit had been grown. The first peaches and apples I saw in the state were grown by a man called G. G. Briggs, at Marysville and he received a dollar each for a peach or apple and at the same time obtained six dollars each for water melons. By his sales he laid the foundation for an independent fortune.

Among those who have been identified with the early history of California, no man deserves greater credit than Gen. John A. Sutter. A more noble and generous-minded man has never lived. A native of Switzerland, yet he was a great friend to all Americans and America. At one time he owned almost the whole of Sacramento valley. In 1850-51 he fitted out, at his own expense, many relief parties to pilot the immigrants across the Sierras into the valley, thus saving the lives of many people.

Sutter lost his immense fortune afterwards and the state of California gave him a pension during his declining years. He died in 1855.

Many stories are told of this benevolent man, illustrating his friendship and fealty to his friends. One will suffice here.

During the winter of 1852 when Sacramento was a marsh, and drainage ditches had just been dug,

one evening after a friend and he had been indulging a little too freely in the cup, they were taking a stroll before retiring for the night, when the friend inadvertently fell into one of the newly dug canals.

"I can not pull you out," said Sutter regretfully, as he looked down at his less lucky friend, "but I can come down and sit with you," which he did.

The first time I ever heard of Haggin & Tevis was in 1857. They were then lawyers and money lenders in Sacramento. Moving to San Francisco they gave up the practice of law and soon became prominent in the financial affairs of the city. They were never speculators, but developers of new enterprises; bold and daring in all their operations. They seemed to have adopted the advice of the elder Rothschilds to his son:

"Be cautious in planning and bold in execution."

Judging from their record as business men, the policy of Haggin & Tevis seemed to be when they did take hold of anything to push it for all it was worth; and so far as I know they never met with a defeat. They controlled Wells, Fargo & Co., for many years; and the prosperity attendant upon that firm is largely due to the executive ability of Haggin & Tevis.

Tevis was the executive of the firm. A man of great nervous force, a pleasant smile and an encouraging word. All his tastes were those of a banker and promoter. Tevis represented the firm in most of the financial companies in which they were interested.

They were business men and left no trail of dollars

behind them. Although in all business transactions their word was ever sacredly kept.

I insert here an incident which will illustrate the reputation which was borne by this firm at that time.

About 1854 the firm of Haggin & Tevis had moved to San Francisco.

A Mexican, who like most Spanish Americans, owed a considerable amount of money, was being harrassed by his creditors. He went to San Francisco and borrowed from Haggin & Tevis a sum sufficient to cancel all his indebtedness. A short time afterward, meeting a friend, he told him he was now financially easy.

"How so?" exclaimed the friend, "have you paid all your debts?"

"Well," replied the Mexican, "you see Mr. Haggin has let me have the money needed."

"What did you give him?" next asked the friend, "A mortgage on all I had," the old Californian replied. "I have given him a paper to that effect."

"Let me see the paper."

The paper was produced. In it the Mexican had agreed to pay 3% a month, compounded monthly. The friend explained that if the man did not pay off the mortgage in two or three years Haggin & Tevis would come into possession of all he had or owned.

After business hours each day Tevis could be seen taking a horse back ride, with one or more of his children on the road to the Cliff House near San Francisco.

Haggin was strictly a business machine. The office man of the firm; the one who attended to all the details

attaching to their vast business; watching carefully the expenditures, and stopping all the leaks. It is probable that he originated most of their new enterprises; for he was a bolder man than his partner, and was possessed of great self-confidence. Ready at all times to back his judgment in any direction. This assertion is demonstrated by the development of his vast landed estates in Kern County, and his many enterprises with the late Senator Hearst. All of which is referred to in another part of this book.

Haggin was a man of set habits and of great mental absorption. At afternoons he usually left his office at 3 o'clock. Sometimes a brougham would be in waiting and he would take a short drive; but more frequently he would walk to his residence, with eyes fixed on the side-walk, seeing no one, hearing nothing, his mind apparently engrossed with thought upon some knotty problem not yet solved to his satisfaction.

These two men, Haggin & Tevis, formed a strong combination; and it was said of them that they could command more money on short notice than any bank in the city of San Francisco. They were enterprising and public-spirited. Potent factors in the development of the state and of the Pacific Coast, generally. Tevis died a few years ago. Haggin, although an octogenarian is opening the Cerro de Paso mines of Peru, and is building a railroad across the Andes to reach them, one of the largest enterprises in South America.

In 1854 the citizenship of Marysville was decidedly

cosmopolitan. Every state in the Union, as well as every nationality was well represented.

Count Rosseau, who had led a filibustering life in an expedition in Sonora, Mexico, a year or two previous, was there. A tall, slender man, with jet-black hair flowing over his shoulders, he presented the picturesque figure of a true soldier of fortune.

William Walker, "The grey-eyed man of Destiny," as his southern admirers loved to call him, was practicing law there. During that year he organized a filibustering expedition to go to Costa Rico. In his proclamation he attempted to introduce slavery, which caused a revolution against him. He received much support from New York, New Orleans and San Francisco. The war was waged for two years with varying success. Finally he surrendered to a British man-of-war, which gave him over to the authorities of Costa Rico, who shot him without loss of time.

As I remember him, he was a man about five feet four inches in height, well built, with a "bullet head" placed upon square shoulders, and weighing perhaps 135 pounds.

Stephen J. Field was the leading lawyer of the time at Marysville. He enjoyed a very large and lucrative practice of the law. In 1859 he was elected to the Supreme Bench of the state of California. At that time he had two or three suits in which I was a party. Two days before he left to take his seat upon the bench, having some business with him in reference to these

suits, I called to see him. After some conversation, Mr. Field said to me:

"Tom, do you know I am paying the people of California over \$40,000 a year for the privilege of serving them upon the supreme bench of the state?"

Then he went on to say that the year previous he had received in fees some \$47,000.

Then he placed his hands over his face as he solemnly soliloquized as follows:

"Ambition! Ambition! Glory!! Glory!!" then looking up he cheerfully said, "Well, well, I suppose it will teach me economy to live on \$6,000 a year!"

George C. Gorham, afterwards secretary of the Senate of the United States, was at that time city clerk and private secretary to Judge Fields.

He reached Marysville in 1852 as a member of a theatrical company. He interested himself a good deal in politics and became a power in the county of Yuba, as well as in the state. In 1867 he became a candidate of the Republican party for governor of California. He was defeated, however, by Henry H. Haight, the Democratic nominee, and was chosen secretary of the United States Senate in the year 1868.

The old time trapper and mountaineer was also in evidence in those days upon the streets of Marysville.

"Peg-leg Smith," a famous old trapper, I remember very well. He was then about 55 years of age, very hale and hearty. In one of his numerous Indian fights, his leg had been shattered by a bullet and he

had amputated it himself; which will go to show the nerve of the brave old man.

Another noted trapper was Jim Beckwith, a negro, who, joining the Crow Indians long before gold was discovered in California, had been made one of their chiefs.

He was a fine specimen of the physical man; six feet tall, lithe, active, all bone and muscle, with features and general facial expression more like an Indian than a negro. His name is preserved in Beckwith Valley, Plumas County, California.

Col. E. D. Baker, who commanded an Illinois regiment during the Mexican war made his first appearance in San Francisco some time in 1852. Being an ardent Whig he stumped the state during that autumn for General Scott.

Baker was one of the most eloquent men I ever heard speak. He was known as a great criminal lawyer, and as such was employed throughout the state, receiving fees from five hundred to ten thousand dollars in each case. This amount would last him but a short time, on account of his love for the "tiger." His wonderful ability as a lawyer, however, was conceded by every one.

Upon the formation of the Republican party in 1856, Baker became one of the prominent leaders of that party.

The fight of the Democrats over the admission of Kansas under the LeCompton pro-slavery constitution

in 1858 was waxing fierce and strong in the states of California and Oregon. Oregon held Indian scrip for money expended in suppressing the Indian tribes in that state, which, it was claimed was a charge upon the national government.

Joe Palmer, of the firm of Palmer, Cooke & Co., suggested to Baker that it was a good time to go to Oregon, organize the Republican party and go to the Senate on that ticket. Baker thereupon admitted the ambition he had, also his poverty. Palmer introduced him to Loud & Hosmer, a wealthy liquor firm, who kindly furnished Baker with the "sinews of war," and he went forthwith to the field of active battle.

To Oregon he went, organized the Republican party, and by coalition with the Douglas democrats of that state was elected, sure enough, to the Senate in 1861. He was made Brigadier-General by President Lincoln, still holding his seat in the Senate, and was afterward killed at the battle of Ball Bluff. His remains were brought to San Francisco and are interred in Laurel Hill cemetery.

Among the "Argonauts" was Harry Meigs. Like all the rest he came to California as a poor man, having failed in business in one of the New England states. He was very successful for several years. Was the first to build saw-mills at Puget Sound, which supplied the city with lumber. Afterwards investing in what was afterwards known as North Beach, in San Francisco, he built Meig's Wharf, at that place.

At the time of my arrival in San Francisco, Meigs

was classed as one of the rich men of the city. He built himself a handsome residence, magnificent for that day, at the foot of Telegraph Hill, on what is now N. E. corner of Montgomery and Broadway Streets, San Francisco.

In 1854, chartering a vessel, Meigs suddenly left for Chili, South America, in a somewhat mysterious and questionable manner. It was said he carried with him an amount aggregating about \$250,000. He was next heard of in Peru. Under the Peruvian government he became a contractor in the building of railroads, by which he amassed a large fortune. He sent an agent to San Francisco in 1868, who settled up all Meigs' outstanding private debts. It was reputed of him that he was most kind and hospitable to all Americans who made their way into Peru, and of whose presence there he was made aware. His death occurred sometime in the '70's, and he left a large fortune when he died.

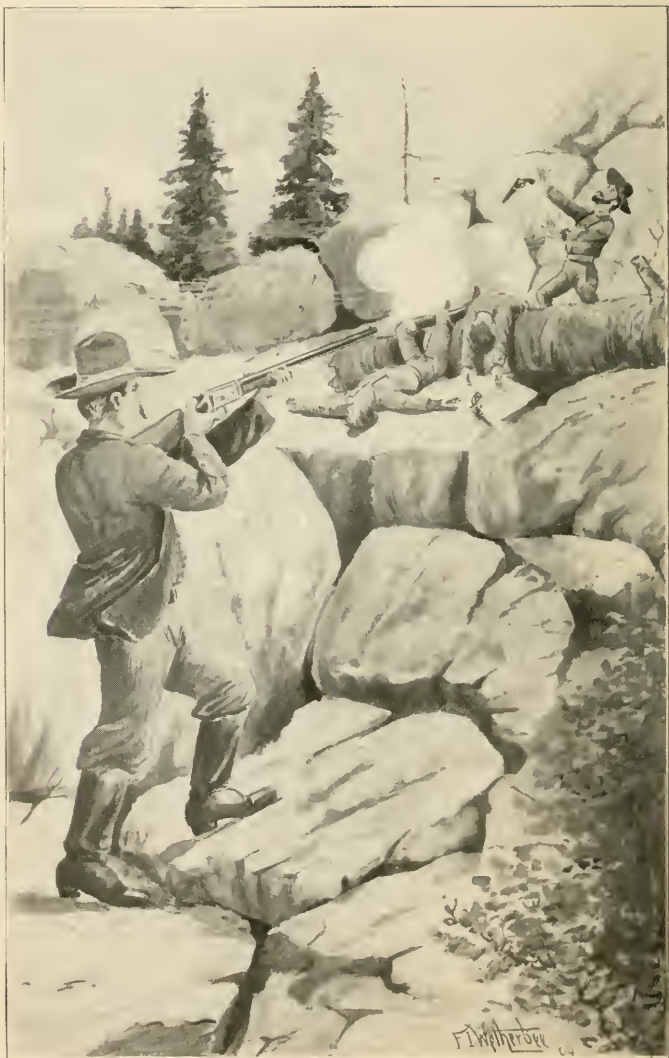
In the latter part of 1851, John Parrot first made his appearance in San Francisco. A native of Baltimore, Maryland, but having spent a number of years in Mexico, had married a woman of that country. He brought with him about \$200,000, most of which he had acquired in Mexico. He invested in real estate in San Francisco, and also established a bank in 1856, or thereabouts. Fortune seemed to favor him for many years, and he died leaving an estate worth \$6,000,000 or \$7,000,000.

When I landed in San Francisco, Michael Rees, a

native of Germany, was prominent. He began life in Richmond, Virginia as a peddler. Upon his arrival in California he became a money lender and dealer in real estate. His penuriousness was proverbial, even after he had become a millionaire. In this he differed from the regular Californian. He led the life of a miser, watching every dime—for there was nothing less in circulation—he became one of the rich men of the state. Living in cheap rooms, denying himself all the comforts which wealth should give, his only relaxation seemed to be a fondness for the game of poker. This he would play for high stakes and was usually successful.

Toward the close of his life he indulged in the luxury of a horse and buggy, and used to take a ride out to the Cliff House every afternoon. At first he would invite some friend to accompany him. This meant that his friend should pay for the drinks, the toll and the hostler for the sake of the ride.

Pretty soon this became so apparent that no one would ride with him. At the Turf House every afternoon they used to put out a lunch of doughnuts. It was not a long time before Michael located the doughnuts, but, to the innkeeper's disgust the old gentleman would turn up every afternoon just in time to empty the whole plate. The proprietor, believing he was a most unprofitable customer, conceived the idea of preparing a more than usually seductive appearing platter of this indigestible article. He prepared a lot filled with



KILLED THEM ALL WITHOUT LOWERING HIS RIFLE.—
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cotton. Michael made his appearance as usual and promptly fell upon the doughnuts. It took him several minutes to "tumble," to use the language of the streets, but when he did he fled, but, unlike the cat, "he never came back."

In 1859, when Adams & Company failed, A. A. Cohen was their agent at Stockton. By some freak of fortune or misfortune, he was made the receiver in bankruptcy of the concern. Some creditors brought him up into court, and on his refusal to answer questions, he was remanded to jail for contempt. Adams Co.'s books could not be found; but a short time afterward they were washed up from the Bay in an old sack. But the account of the receiver had been carefully cut out. Cohen remained in prison for about eleven months, during which time he read law and got himself out of the clutches of the authorities. He was never afterwards jailed; for he had mastered the art of accumulating money in a legal way.

He owned the ferry from San Francisco to Oakland when the Central Pacific was built and sold it to that company, he taking the position of purchasing agent for the C. P. This he held a few years when the company saw fit to replace him. He brought suit as one of the original owners of the stock in the company, intending to show up all the secrets of its directors in connection with the Contract and Finance Company. He conducted his own case and made it so unpleasant that Stanford,

Huntington and others of the directors were glad enough to compromise and re-enstate him in his old position.

Cohen was a queer character. In business grasping and unreliable, but still generous to the last degree. While in a business matter he would financially disembowel you, yet he gave away thousands to deserving charities.

In 1854 I saw the first field of alfalfa, the seed was brought from Chili by Captain Pinney and planted a few miles from Marysville, to whom belongs the credit of having introduced this valuable grass into the United States.

CHAPTER V

Of the native population of California at that time some were outlaws, many were indolent and lost their fortunes and property through contact with the live, bustling American, but many of these old, Mexican families retained and maintained their dignity and individuality, as well as their influence throughout the state and entire West.

Mexicans of the lower class were the especial "bete noir" of that early, rude society; and, to be a Mexican of the "peon" class, was to be an object of suspicion on general principles.

The following incident, which occurred at San Jose, will better illustrate this state of affairs than any description I could offer.

It was in 1850, when the Mexican laws were in force; and the stealing of an animal was punishable by death.

A man by the name of Moore, who afterwards became a noted criminal lawyer, was "Alcalde." Before him was arraigned a Mexican, charged with stealing a horse. Moore listened to all the evidence adduced. and after hearing the statement of the Mexican, questioned him as follows:

"Do you smoke cigarettes?"

"Si, Senior," came the reply.

"Do you roll them, pouring the tobacco in your hand so?" illustrating.

"Si Senior," answered the prisoner.

"Do you re-roll the cigarettes, bend them in the middle, and when smoking blow the smoke through the nose?" pursued the judge.

"Si, Senior," again responded the Mexican.

"Take the fellow out and shoot him. He stole the horse, sure," relentlessly decided the judge in conclusion.

Again, in 1853, near the old Central House about 15 miles from Marysville, a Mexican was arrested, charged with stealing the horse he was riding. The complainant was a stranger and an American. A "Judge Lynch Court" was organized, a jury impanelled and the Mexican brought before them for trial.

After hearing the evidence the jury adjourned to the bar, took a drink to "brace up," then repaired to the shade of a tree to deliberate upon the merits of the question. A motion was made to hang the Mexican, which was carried, unanimously. The jury then started back, having decided to render a verdict to that effect, when one of the jurymen said:

"Boys, that horse ain't worth ten dollars, and I do not think we ought to hang a "greaser" for that small sum; why not whip him and turn him loose?"

"Well," said the foreman of the jury, "we will think about it, Sam, you go and get a bottle of whiskey and bring it out, and we will go back to the tree and talk it over."

Sam got a bottle, forthwith, after disposing of the contents of which the jury again repaired to the tree

and reconsidered the case; this time concluding to whip the prisoner.

After deliberating at length, the jury again was on its way to render a verdict, when some one suggested that the white man was a stranger whom none of them knew, and that it was only his word against that of the Mexican; that a decent white man would be ashamed to own such a horse as that, any way; so once more the jury halted.

Sam brought another bottle of whiskey, after drinking which the jury finally decided to render a verdict of not guilty, which they did in due form.

The Mexican never knew how narrowly he escaped hanging; nor did he wait to learn. Just as soon as released he mounted his horse, and, with a kindly, if hasty, "Adios, Amigos," he gallantly rode away.

There have been so many lives lost through the drinking of whiskey, it gives me real pleasure to record this one exception to the general rule. If it was the particular brand of whiskey used, and I knew what it was, I would give it here, with pleasure.

One of the most formidable company of outlaws of those times was headed by a Mexican named Joaquin Murietta. His band of highwaymen was carefully organized. Murietta was a bold and daring leader and there was a touch of the romantic about his deeds that was very interesting. For about two years, the whole state, from Yuba to Kern counties, was terrorized by this band of daring men. Almost daily, during that time, the papers told of Chinamen found

in the roads, murdered and tied together by their pigtails; their throats cut from ear to ear, which was recognized as the work of "Three-Fingered-Jack," a lieutenant of Murietta's band.

Many and thrilling were the stories told of Murietta; and vast rewards were offered for his head. When the first reward of \$5,000 was offered by the government, and notices to that effect were posted in the town of Stockton, one day, a quiet Sunday, in the afternoon there came riding into town a fine, picturesquely dressed Mexican. His six-shooter by his side, his "serape" thrown carelessly over his shoulder, his broad, Spanish hat set jauntily on his head, and a cigarette daintily held between his fingers, he might have attracted the admiration of any one possessed of an eye for the artistically romantic, in any land. This stranger was seen to dismount and read the proclamation of reward for Murietta's head. Then he took a pencil from his pocket, to write something underneath. After he had ridden away some one went to see what the stranger had added to the posted bill. Imagine the wonder and surprise when was found these words:

"I will give \$10,000 more—Joaquin Murietta."

Near Lancha Plana, a mining camp contiguous to Placerville, a former acquaintance of Murietta met him on the road riding. They trotted along, side by side, for an hour or two, conversing pleasantly together all the while. Murietta stated that he wished to do

this man no harm, but that he had some business in the country which he wished at present kept secret; at the same time warning his former acquaintance that if he went into town and made public the fact that Murietta had been seen, he would surely kill the man who told.

Heeding not this timely warning of the Bandit Chief the man disclosed all that he had learned.

Next day, while a posse was scouring the adjacent mountains in search of the noted outlaw, Murietta dashed into town, and, seeing the man who had betrayed him, sitting in front of a store, rode up and suddenly shot him to death and then dashed away.

Murietta had the sympathy of all the Mexicans in the state; for they ever felt aggrieved at the invasion of the Americans, who, they thought, had robbed them of their birthright. This made the capture of the outlaw and his gang very difficult. Posses were many times organized against him, always ineffectually. One of these he destroyed, falling upon them at night, when they were forced into pitched battle, and Murietta killed them all.

Murietta was finally captured by Harry Love, in 1854, who, suddenly coming upon their camp in Kern County, killed both Murietta and "Three-Fingered-Jack." The head of the Bandit Chief and the hand of "Three-Fingered-Jack," were preserved in spirits and taken to the capitol for identification. These gruesome objects were afterwards put on exhibition, and I once had a look at them.

Next of note among the "robber barons" was Tom Bell. Bell had been educated for a physician, but changing his tastes he gathered around him as reckless a band of cut-throats as ever could be found in any country, and succeeded in keeping California in a state of perfect terror from 1855 to 1857.

During the summer of 1856 Tom Bell and his party made an attack upon the Camptonville stage as it was approaching Marysville. Besides the passengers, the stage contained about \$200,000 in gold dust. There were about twenty-one of the robbers armed with shotguns, loaded with gooseshot.

The stage was driving leisurely along, near Stamford's Ranch, when, suddenly Bell's band appeared. Bell ordered the driver to stop; declaring he would shoot any man who attempted to draw a gun. Bill Grear was the driver and by him sat Dobson, an express rider, a nervy little fellow, who did not wait to hear more. He drew his gun, fired and shot Bell through the body. Firing again, his next shot took effect through Bill Gristy's body; one of Bell's lieutenants. It struck him in the arm. Dobson continued until he had fired nine times, and it is said, he wounded a robber at every shot.

The outlaws, of course, fired a volley into the stage, a negro woman was killed, while the driver was badly wounded. In the meantime the passengers crawled out, got their six-shooters to work and put the robber band to flight.

Bell did not die of the wound received at this time,

but was packed across the country by his comrades, and in a few months was as well as ever.

Bell was captured in 1857. His captors gave him a half hour in which to write letters. They then hanged him to a cottonwood tree near by.

Quite a reputation was established by Jim Webster, as a highwayman, about this time. He was said to have been a member of Bell's gang.

In 1854 he was working on Sand Hat, which is now known as Timbuctoo, Yuba County, Cal. He had two friends working a mining claim near him, and they, hearing that a party intended next morning to attempt to drive them off their claim, asked Webster to assist in defending themselves, knowing Webster was a dead shot.

Sure enough, at sunrise the next morning six men appeared and ordered them off the claim. They refused to go. The fight began. Webster killed three of the assailing party, the other two escaped. Webster and his friends escaped uninjured.

Webster was arrested and brought to Marysville on a charge of manslaughter. He lay in jail about six months before he was set free. During this time he learned to read and write.

In 1856 in company with two others he was arrested for highway robbery. The principal witness against him was a man named McCoy. In Marysville the case was tried before Judge Bliss. While McCoy was giving his evidence, which was very conclusive, Webster rose from his seat and said:

"You scoundrel!" and then with deliberation and as if he meant it he said, "If I had a gun I would kill you."

A sentence of ten years was passed upon him by the judge.

"You might as well make it twenty-five years, Judge," said Webster, turning to the bench with a sardonic smile, "for I never will stay in San Quentin for ten years."

"Very well," said the judge, "if you will stand up again, I will make it twenty-five years, as you request. Politeness is one of my strong points."

Webster did so, and obtained from the judge his request. He remained in San Quentin about six months. Escaping, he went to his old haunts about twenty-five miles above Marysville

Visiting several mining camps, he took whatever provisions and ammunition he desired, leaving a note to the miners apologizing for the theft, saying, he needed both more than they did.

After a few weeks he left this part of the country and Jesse O. Goodwin, who defended him in the criminal trial, told me Webster went up into Shasta County, after that.

While mining there, Webster quarrelled with his partner, telling him he would kill him on sight. They lived in separate cabins. Webster's partner had a double barrelled shotgun, which was kept loaded in his cabin. Webster visited the cabin during the absence of the owner, and drew the loads from the gun; leaving the caps in. Webster's partner discovered the

trick. He reloaded the gun with buckshot. Webster visited the cabin, drew his pistol when his partner seized his gun. Webster, thinking the gun unloaded, waited for the first overt act. His partner fired both barrels, literally blowing off Webster's head. Thus cutting short the life of one of the most daring outlaws the state of California has ever known.

"Rattlesnake Dick," a Canadian, whose real name was never known, terrorized Placer, Nevada, and other counties during the years of 1856-58. A more desperate outlaw never appeared in the West.

Joaquin Murietta ran the gauntlet of a posse lining the road by which he rode his horse at full speed, a dozen men firing at him. And Tom Bell dismounted at the Cottage House—a road house north of Sacramento—and after inviting the crowd of fifteen or twenty men to join him in a drink, drew his revolver, saying :

"I am Tom Bell, for whom there is a reward of \$5,000. Does any man want it?" Then coolly remounting his horse he rode away.

But Dick, singly and alone, fought five men, all shooting at him, he returning their fire with two pistols; and escaped with only a slight wound. Subsequently, Dick had added a long chapter to his list of crimes and murders and robberies. He and a man by the name of Shelby, in a fight with a posse in Placer County, under Sheriff Bullock, killed Martin and wounded Johnstone, of the posse, and then escaped.

Shelby was badly wounded, in this fight; and at

his solicitation, Dick killed him; put him to death to put him out of his misery. Dick was subsequently apprehended in Nevada County, and hung, which was, I think, the first judicial hanging of any noted outlaw in the state.

While there were outlaws in those days, there were also man hunters; men of nerve and daring, to uphold the law and punish crime. One of whom claims especial notice here.

Steve Vennard was express rider for Wells, Fargo & Co., and was once suddenly confronted by three highwaymen, who demanded the express box he carried. After receiving it the robbers ordered the driver to go on. Vennard returned to the spot, within two hours, and took the robbers' trail. Suddenly the highwaymen arose from behind a log and opened fire. Vennard brought his Winchester into action and killed them all without lowering his rifle from his shoulder. For this he was generously rewarded by his employers.

For many years Vennard hunted outlaws and never failed to kill them or land them into prison. He still lives, or so I am informed, at the advanced age of eighty years.

During the decade from 1860 to 1870, Virginia City, Pioche and other points in the state of Nevada witnessed many violent deaths from professional killers; all of which now belongs to the past. For now all the western states and territories are as free from crime as any of the older commonwealths.

In 1860, La Porte, in Plumas County was a resort

for hard characters; chief among whom was Jim Ivy, an escaped convict and noted burglar; and known there as "Jim Barton." Associated with him was Brown and Coffee, both criminals.

At that time I had a store at Jamison City, about thirty-five miles away. One evening I came in to La Porte, and, going to a hotel, I gave my holsters, containing 150 ounces of gold dust, to the landlord to put in his safe. As I did so a man known as "Long Bar Joe" inquired if I were going to Marysville the next day.

I told him I was not.

He said "I am sorry; for I was going down and wanted company."

I went out after this and returned about ten o'clock. Joe was still waiting. I made an excuse that I was going back home early next morning, and had just remembered another errand that I had not attended to, and went out again. I returned again about eleven o'clock only to find Joe still there, waiting.

I told Bernard, the landlord, I was ready for bed and he showed me to my room. I inquired of Bernard when he closed his house for the night; and he said at twelve o'clock. I told him that I was going to leave at twelve thirty, and would call at his room and wanted him to take my holsters from his safe at that time, and give them to me without striking a light. I charged him to say nothing, for I was going to start to Marysville and did not care to have it known.

At one o'clock A. M. I left La Porte and reached the

Woodville House, twenty miles away, about dawn and retired about two P. M.; while taking breakfast, Spangler, the landlord, informed me that Barton, Brown and Coffee had passed there about three hours before; and that the horse that Barton rode had cast a shoe from his left hind foot. I was mounted on a mule, and left for the Twenty-One-Mile House immediately. I easily tracked Barton by the shoeless foot for about ten miles, when much to my relief, I saw that the party had turned off the road to Forbestown; apparently following a mule-track, which confirmed my suspicions that they were after me.

I retired soon after reaching the Twenty-One-Mile House, and told Martin, the proprietor, to wake me at four o'clock A. M.; as I wished to leave at four-thirty for Marysville, transact my business, and return the same night. At four in the morning I was aroused, Martin said:

"Tom, you had better stay here to-day."

I replied that I could not do so.

When I had dressed and gone into the bar-room, Martin again urged me to remain and again I declined.

"All right," said he, "your mule is at the door."

As I mounted the mule Martin said:

"Take that pistol from your holsters and put it where you can handle it in a moment."

I took the pistol and shoved it down between my pants and shirt in the waist-band, and said:

"How does that suit you?"

"That is better," said Martin.

"Now," said I, turning to him, "Martin, what does all this mean?"

"Well," said he, "you look out, as you pass Abbott Hill, about a mile and a half from here."

I mounted and rode slowly until I got to the top of the hill then, looking down, about one hundred yards, I saw three horses picketed and on closer inspection I saw three men with their heads pillowed on their saddles, and their feet stretched toward a smouldering fire. I drew my pistol, intending, if they waked up, to open fire, believing that I could knock down one or two of them before they were fully awake, and so make my escape. It was now daybreak. The road was wide. The men were camped to the right of the road about fifty feet; and I, riding very slowly, took the extreme left. When I had passed the men some two hundred yards, I quickened my pace. I do not think that mule ever traveled so fast as then, either before or afterwards.

About two hours later these men robbed a teamster, of \$600 for which they were all three arrested, tried and sent to San Quentin, for a number of years.

When I came to Arizona, in 1879, Barton, or Ivy had enjoyed about twenty Christmas dinners in that institution.

I have had many narrow escapes in life but this one I consider the closest call I ever had.

CHAPTER VI

The proverbial pranks of college boys are tame compared to those that were indulged in by the early miners of the state of California. Almost entirely without the restraint or influences of woman, the home, the fireside and the family circle; with plenty of money and little care for the future; the gaming tables and unrestricted saloons ever enticing them away from the better life, it is little wonder that some lives were wrecked; that some in the full flower of manhood and usefulness should have gone astray.

And there were others upon whom this life of hardship and adventure seemed to have the opposite effect; those whose inclination for the good, developed and strengthened by the very surroundings; and whose characters were rounded out so full and firm that they left their lasting mark and imprint, not only upon the history of the state, which they helped to mold, but upon the whole nation at large.

These "Argonauts" were not only pioneers in a new and undeveloped country, but, in all the lines of human thought and mental activity, left a well-marked trail, a credit to them and posterity.

In no other country, perhaps, was business ever transacted with less observance of business rules. The merchant of San Francisco gave credit to the mer-



THAT SHOT KILLED TWENTY-SEVEN GEESE.—Page 101.

chant of the interior towns. They, in turn, supplying the traders of the mining camps beyond.

Banks loaned money, almost exclusively, on personal security and upon open account. The losses resulting were insignificant; for a man's word was his bond in those good old days. However hard and grasping a man might be, he was forgiven, but if he did not live up to his verbal agreements, his path was indeed a thorny one. Every man's hand has raised against him.

Quick to resent a real or fancied insult, too often the knife and the six-shooter were called into play.

Justice winked at the taking of human life, but was intolerant of the burglar and the petty thief.

Up to 1852 coin was seldom seen in the mining camps. Gold dust was the only money; valued, usually, at \$16 per ounce. Drinks were sold over the bar at a pinch of dust—which was measured by the bar-keeper thrusting his fingers into the miner's sack and extracting therefrom what he could hold between his thumb and forefinger, for each drink. The larger the thumb and forefinger the better bar-tender a man was considered to be. This custom prevailed up to 1854.

On the mantelpiece of almost every cabin was found an oyster can. This the miner used to store his daily earnings in. Each day he poured into the can what gold dust he had washed out that day, never taking the trouble to conceal its hiding place. Strange as it may seem, each morning he went to his work, leaving the precious dust already earned thus exposed in the

rude cabin where he lived, and not a can was ever stolen. In mining camps it meant death to steal.

Practical jokes of all kinds, such as only men with money, independent and eager for any kind of amusement to break the dull monotony of daily toil, could devise or invent were of every day occurrence in every mining camp. In Marysville, in 1855, there was a merchant named Crosby. An innocent, simple man, afraid of his own shadow, and decidedly out of sympathy with his environments.

One evening Len Taylor, to make a little fun, invited this man to take a little walk in the outskirts of the town. Previously posted behind a fence for the purpose, were Grant Israel and another man who commenced shooting at our friends with blank cartridges. Taylor fell, as if shot, and shouted:

“Git, Crosby, git for your life.”

Away poor Crosby ran down the road, crying “murder” at every jump; rushed into the residence of Colonel Ransome, declaring that his friend Taylor was killed and he himself mortally wounded. With this the poor, frightened fellow threw himself, sprawling on the floor, seeming really to be seriously hurt.

A doctor was summoned, who, after a thorough examination, recommended a bath and a change of clothing.

About this time was established, at Downieville, the ancient and honorable order of “E Clampus Vitus.” The initiation fee of which was made always to suit

the pecuniary circumstances of the proposed initiate; and usually expended in paying for beer.

Lawyers, bankers, merchants and miners were members of this institution. And when the gewgaw, a big horn, rang out, for miles around miners came, stores and banks and places of business were quickly closed and all their managers soon repaired to the "Clampus Hall." The sounding of the gewgaw meant that a "sucker" had been caught and there were fun and beer ahead.

The candidate was prepared for the initiation by being divested of most of his clothing, then blind-folded. In this condition he was led around the hall, stopping at different points where he was catechised and lectured in a most fatherly way, by the different officers of the body. About the time he became worked up to the solemnity of the occasion, a strap with a ring attached, having been silently placed about his body, he would find himself suddenly lifted to the ceiling and then as suddenly dropped into a wheel-barrow, purposely prepared for his reception, in which had been placed large sponges saturated with ice water. The victim would be held thus securely in place while the wheel-barrow was run around for a hundred feet or more over a rough construction of round poles, jolting the wheel-barrow and keeping the victim bobbing up and down in a most ridiculous manner, on his ice-cold cushions. During this performance the members and spectators sang the while:

"Ain't you mighty glad to get out of the wilderness—
Get out of the wilderness,
Get out of the wilderness?"
Etc.

Sometimes these initiation ceremonies extended over several hours. And by the time they got through with him the new member would feel certain that he had paid well for the entertainment of his friends; while he, himself, had added to his store of useful knowledge and experience.

Invariably the new member would steal out of town, humiliated and crestfallen, to appear again only when he could produce some new candidate or victim for admission to the order.

Again, at Oroville, Butte County, in 1857, there were gathered a company of young men, educated, brilliant, generous and optimistic—types of Californians of the early times. The hotel was kept by a man named Montgomery. Turkeys were scarce and high-priced, worth from six to twelve dollars apiece. Thanksgiving day was approaching, and Montgomery needed more turkeys than he had. He had five secured, but they were not enough. In order to fully supply his guests he would require several turkeys more for the Thanksgiving feast. One evening while the "boys" were at the hotel a man appeared with three turkeys, saying they were intended as a present to Dr. Burlingame, one of the party. Montgomery at once saw his opportunity and opened negotiations for the purchase of the birds. He finally affected a trade, without

much trouble, paying for them with a generous basket of champagne, which was imbibed and enjoyed by all the "boys" present.

Next morning, when Montgomery came to investigate his supply of Thanksgiving turkeys he found only the original number of five. The man had bought three of his own turkeys.

"Well," said the good-natured host, when he learned of the joke that had been played on him, "boys, it was a good one on me; and to show you that I bear no malice, I will have a separate table prepared for you on Thanksgiving day, and you shall have one of the turkeys served up for your special delectation.

The day came. The parties were all on hand, ready for the promised treat. The huge turkey was roasted to a turn. But the dressing! It certainly had a flavor peculiar to itself. Not sage, oysters or chestnuts was mingled in it. None of these could have produced that unpleasant compound. It was something altogether new and unheard of in the way of stuffing for a turkey. The turkey was eaten with a relish but all passed the dressing by, with compliments to the "chef." They all agreed that he had given it too rich a French flavor for such Plebeian tastes to fully appreciate and enjoy.

Afterwards, these men, who had fared so sumptuously, learned that the peculiar dressing of that turkey was nothing less than the gatherings from the horses' stalls. As rough as this joke may seem, all received

it in good part and voted the landlord a prince of good fellows.

The author of "The Virginian," has woven into his story "The mixing of the babies." The incident actually occurred.

At Gibsonville, in 1857, at which time there were few women to be found in any mining camp. Gibsonville was the center of many mining camps, from 15 to 20 miles around. Girls of fifteen were all married and some were mothers at that early age.

A "Fourth of July Ball" was given, and by extensive advertising and arranging some fifty ladies were present at the party. They came on mule back from "Rabbit Creek," "Nelson Point," "Whiskey Diggings," "Brandy City," "St. Louis," "Port Wine" and other noted places of the surrounding country; many of them bringing their babies along, for whose accommodation there had been secured and prepared a room at the principal hotel of the town.

As there were several hundred miners present, and only this limited number of ladies, as might be expected, many of the men were left without partners and were thus cheated out of dancing. Being sorely disappointed, when they had anticipated such a good time, some of them devised a plan to get even.

It was decided that these disappointed ones should repair to the hotel where slept the innocents, invade their quarters and so exchange their places and mix the babies in such a manner that no mother in her hurry after the ball would be able to get the infant

that belonged to her. This they did. The wraps alone were left in the same places, so that the general appearance was about the same as when the mothers left the babies there. The festivities ended, the mothers rushed in to get their babes, and hurriedly started for their homes. Each grabbed up a child from the place where she had put hers down, and hastened, unsuspecting, away.

Imagine, if you can, the surprise and consternation of each mother, when upon reaching home she discovered the mistake she had made. Here was a hearty, black-eyed boy where should have been a dainty blue-eyed girl, and vice versa, in another place.

There was a hurrying and a scurrying all over that section for many days before each infant found the home where it belonged.

No one was sacred enough to escape the attacks of these practical jokers and pranks of good-natured fun. Such pastimes together with original modes of entertainment furnished the only amusements of the old time Californians.

LITERARY MEN JOKERS

In the old Virginia City days Mark Twain was a conspicuous figure. Fond of listening to a yarn, fond of telling one, always good natured, with not a care in his life, a general favorite among the boys, his presence was always sought whenever there gathered a jovial crowd. Mark was also recognized as a most skillful and successful practical joker. While there

was never the shadow of malice in his jokes, any more than there was in those of the older Sothern, or Billy Florence, still his manner had the effect of arousing in his victims a desire to "get even." As a consequence the following plan was laid by a number of them to perpetuate a joke on the unsuspecting Mark one time.

It was known that Mark expected, on a certain morning, to go by stage to San Francisco. The boys entered into an agreement and understanding with the driver and express rider, whereby the boys were to personate highwaymen and "hold up" the stage at a certain point on the road. They knew that Mark was the only passenger for that day.

On Geiger Grade, about five miles from Virginia City, from behind a heavy ledge there suddenly rushed a dozen seemingly ferocious outlaws. So well had the affair been prepared and rehearsed, that Mark Twain was completely deluded. He thought he saw and understood the situation perfectly.

The horses were securely held by some of the acting bandits, while the driver was completely stricken with seeming paralysis, and the express rider jumped from the seat and hid behind a rock. The noted humorist being left thus quite alone in the deserted stage, scrambled out of the door, only to be firmly clutched by the arm before he had time to offer any resistance whatever.

The pseudo-robbers took from Mark his watch, scarf-pin, overcoat and every cent of money he had;

turned his face toward Virginia City and said in the most approved style of stage-robber vernacular:

"Git, and git quick."

Advice which Mark took with alacrity and thankfulness; and "got" as fast as he could back to Virginia City, a distance of five miles, being almost frozen by the time he reached there, as the weather was very cold.

Of course he was not long left in ignorance of the joke that had been played at his serious expense, and accepted it as gracefully as became his station, and felt wiser, no doubt, than when held up by the New York cabman in 1901.

Mark Twain is too well known to need much of an account at my hands, still, it might be interesting to relate some of the incidents with which he was identified in those early times of which I write.

Accompanying the Beecher party on their visit to the Sandwich Islands, during the seventies, Mark Twain was the traveling correspondent for the *Alta Californian*, as well as of some eastern papers. Upon his return he made his first appearance upon the lecture platform at Platt's Hall, San Francisco, taking the Sandwich Islands as his theme.

The posters announcing this lecture read:

"The doors will open at seven o'clock and the trouble will begin at half-past seven."

The hall was densely packed. So crowded that the last man in had to leave his cane on the outside.

The lecture was replete with quaint expressions

and humorous allusions, delivered in that halting voice and inimitable manner which, in Mr. Clemens, is so perfectly irresistible, and which kept the audience in a roar of laughter during the whole time.

This was the first of Mark Twain's many triumphs. For thirty years he has delighted the English-speaking world with the originality and versatility of his genius. California claims this brilliant son by right of discovery. He is greatly appreciated in Berlin and Vienna for his wit in German, he being a master of the language.

Every old Californian will remember Lieutenant Derby, more familiarly known as "John Phoenix," the author of the "Squibob Papers," and of "Phoenixiana."

He was an army officer, and one of the greatest humorists of his day. A pioneer in that particular field of literature which Mark Twain has since so fully explored. Derby was a familiar figure on the streets of San Francisco in 1852. I have seen him often, but as I was quite young at the time, can give but a poor description of his personal appearance. He was tall and spare, with the military air of the trained soldier. Two or three times a week Derby contributed humorous sketches to the San Frisco Herald, under the "nom de plume" of "Squibob," or "John Phoenix." The Herald was then the leading daily paper of the city.

Derby was not only a humorist, but also a practical

joker. His good-natured tricks were played upon all alike.

Once he invited Mr. Grisar, who was the Belgian Consul in California at that time, to visit with him the Masonic Lodge. Grisar was not very familiar with the English language, and could only with difficulty make himself understood.

As a joke, but seemingly very serious, when the two gentlemen were seated in the room, Derby refused to vouch for Grisar, who was, of course, consequently put through a most rigid examination.

At another time, Derby invited a friend to visit him at the Barracks in Benicia. On arising the next morning the friend missed his boots, but found in their place a pair of army shoes. Derby did not appear upon the scene until several hours later, but when he did he was wearing the boots; the friend in the meantime having put on the shoes.

Derby looked at the shoes quizzically, then quietly remarked:

"I see you have appropriated my shoes, you may keep them, for I found these boots this morning, which come in good time, for a poor army officer with a family can ill afford to buy boots at \$25 a pair."

He kept the boots just as if he believed them to have been intended for him.

Derby belonged to the engineers' corps of the army; and after the election of Pierce to the presidency, in 1852, when Gen. Scott carried only four states

Derby had occasion to send to Washington some maps which were necessary. The corners of these maps were adorned with the most ludicrous decorations. In one corner, for instance, there appeared the Democratic rooster crowing from the top of a flag-pole, while the Whig coon was hanging head downward, dead, beyond the hope resurrection.

In another corner was General Scott, taking a hasty plate of soup, the plate uplifted to his mouth and the contents pouring over his clothes. Still another corner was adorned with a picture of Pierce, thrown from his horse in one of the battles of Mexico, and many other such, all well executed and illustrating some incident in the recent campaign.

In 1853 Derby was stationed at San Diego. A man by the name of Ames owned and edited the San Diego Herald, a Democratic paper, and John Bigler was the Democratic candidate for governor, while William Waldo was the Whig candidate for the same office during the same campaign.

Ames, the editor, was called away to San Francisco, and before leaving secured the services of Derby, the joker, to manage the Herald during his absence.

In the first issue of the paper after Ames' departure, Derby changed the politics, as well as the names of the gubernatorial candidates. He printed the Whig ticket headed by "William Baldo," and underneath it was the Democratic ticket with "John Wigler" at its head, up-side-down. In a jocular way he praised

Mr. "Baldo" and the Whig party, advising his readers to beware of "John Wigler," the presumed Democratic candidate, as a wolf in sheep's clothing, whose election would be most disastrous to the state.

In the next issue of the Herald he said that the sudden change in the politics of the paper had subjected him to so much harsh criticism he had decided to make it a neutral paper.

"You Whigs," he said, "who desire the election of 'William Baldo' will find editorials in his behalf on the second page of this paper, and you Democrats will find editorials in support of 'John Wigler' on the first page."

Ames did not long remain in San Francisco; he hurried home, but did not arrive until Derby had issued a third edition of the paper. And in this one he declared that there was neither money nor fame in a political paper, so he would make this number an illustrated pictorial.

One of the "pictorials" was "A bird's-eye view of San Diego," which was a snipe in a marshy ground. "The San Diego gas works" was a jug of whiskey. The steamer "Goliath," which ran between San Francisco and San Diego, was represented by a turtle turned back downward. A portrait of Prince Albert, "said to be the father of many of Queen Victoria's children," was illustrated by the head of a bull. And so on until the paper was filled with comical representations of different subjects equally as absurdly pictured. While

the editorial comments were humorous in the extreme.

The paper, thus illustrated, sold in San Francisco for one dollar per copy.

About that time Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, requested the officers of the engineering corps to offer suggestions as to the re-armament and uniforming of the army. Derby responded by recommending the following:

That all the infantry should have a ring securely attached to the seat of each pair of trousers, and that the officers should be provided with long poles with hooks on the end; so that when a soldier attempted to run the officers would only have to insert the hook in the ring and wheel the man immediately back into line. With the army thus equipped, he gravely argued, the officers could always prevent a panic in the lines, and at the same time the officers would be afforded, to some extent, a protection, as their places would then be behind the soldiers.

Another of Derby's suggestions for the army was, that as heavy ordnance was of little value, what was really needed was light, rapidly-firing cannon. He thought a good plan would be to have them so made that two could be packed on a common donkey; one on his back with the mouth of the cannon pointing between his ears, the other underneath with the mouth pointing between his hind legs. The gun thus arranged, the one on the back of the jackass being fired first would, by the concussion when discharged, lift the animal in the air and throw him on his back; in

this position the other gun would be ready to do its work, by which explosion the donkey would be thrown again to his feet, when the men could reload the guns and thus go on, indefinitely, firing the double action arrangement as long as the engagement might last.

He made other equally amusing suggestions, many about the cavalry which I do not recall. All were comically illustrated by elaborate and ludicrous drawings, and forwarded to the department at Washington. Copies of these, with the accompanying communications to the Secretary of War, were on exhibition in the office of Dr. Hitchcock, in San Francisco, for an extended time; and were fully enjoyed and appreciated by the jolly, fun-loving citizens of that city at least.

It was said that when Davis received Derby's communication with recommendations and illustrations he was incensed and indignant at what he considered an attempt to ridicule a superior officer, and ordered that Derby be court-martialed for the offense. Fortunately, William L. Marcy, Secretary of State at that time, happened in the office, when Davis produced the letter and pictures for examination, at the same time remarking:

"I have ordered the man court-martialed for this presumption."

Marcy carefully scrutinized the papers, laughed most heartily, and said in reply:

"Jeff, don't do it. That fellow is a genius. If he is court-martialed for this, and these cartoons and letter are reproduced in all the newspapers of this country

and England—as would surely be the case—this administration will be made the laughing-stock of the civilized world.”

Marcy's judgment prevailed and Derby was left without molestation.

In 1854, or 1855, Derby went East and became contributor to the old “Knickerbocker Magazine.” Afterward he became insane, and died in an asylum, while still a young man.

Derby was of a quiet, sedate manner and of sober countenance, possessed of a keen and ready wit accompanied with an inexhaustable fund of humor that made him the life of every gathering.

He shared to some extent the prejudice of the trained soldier against the militia. It is said of him that at a dinner in San Francisco he once gave this toast:

“Here is to our citizen soldiery! Invincible in peace, invisible in war.”

His practical jokes partook of nothing unkind, but were rather the effervescence of a nature simply bubbling over with fun and merriment. His early death was sincerely regreted by all Californians, who felt a natural and excusable pride in him as the first noted wit and humorist of the Golden State.

Had not his life been cut short there is little doubt that the name of “John Phoenix” would have ranked high in the world of humorous literature, and the name of Lieutenant Derby been immortalized.

Bret Harte was a Californian. Amid the surroundings of the Golden State his genius was developed,



SENATOR DAVID C. BRODERICK.—*Page 108.*

and his short stories and poems he has given living pictures of the life in the mining camps of those times—times when gold was plenty, and those who dug it out were careless as to how they spent it. His characters are real. His men and women, even to the "Heathen Chinees, child-like and bland," are recognized as a part and parcel of the civilization he describes.

Bret Harte began his literary career as a contributor to the *Golden Era*, in 1854, a weekly literary paper published in San Francisco. I have been told that he enjoyed the friendship of Mrs. Fremont, who secured for him a position in the custom house, which enabled him to give his odd hours to literary pursuits. His prose and poetry of California life, so rich in humor and yet so deeply pathetic are certainly the finished work of a true artist.

It is only when he attempts to paint life elsewhere that his writings are dull. His "Luck of Roaring Camp," his "Heathen Chinees" and "Truthful James" would, even had he never written any other thing, have proven sufficient to entitle him to a choice place among the artists of the last century.

Sam Davis, of Virginia City, is noted for his fun making. He edits the *Enterprise* of Virginia City, and has a local reputation as a humorist.

Sam is also a practical joker. About thirty years ago, Sam, being in San Francisco was employed by the *Chronicle* to report a race between "American Girl" and "Goldsmith's Maid," which was to take place at San Jose. He did it in this wise.

Sam went down to the place of the races and his first dispatch to the paper gave an account of the gathering of the crowd; the second a description of the horses, and their appearance on the track. The third dispatch an account of a fearful earthquake, in which one hundred houses of San Jose were leveled to the ground and five hundred lives lost.

The Chronicle issued an extra. San Franciscans, having friends in San Jose, literally burned the wires up in frantic efforts to ascertain if those dear to them were safe; after which he reported the race.

When he handed in his bill for this article to the Chronicle it read:

Reporting races at San Jose.....	\$25.00
Sensation	75.00

Total,	<u>\$100.00</u>
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This account, I suppose, was paid.

Bayard Taylor published in 1852, his travels through California.

J. Ross Brown was a resident of the state for several years before the Civil War, and printed many sketches in Harper's Magazine, illustrating life on the Pacific Coast.

"Artemus Ward" visited San Francisco in 1862, and delivered there his famous lecture, "The Babes in the Woods."

While there "Artemus Ward" received a dispatch

from an eastern manager, relative to that lecture, that read like this:

“What will you take for one hundred nights?”

The answer was sent back:

“Brandy and water.”

One of the best Muenchausen humorists I ever knew, was a miner by the name of George Slocum. In 1864, while I was superintendent of the “Plumas Eureka” mine, I met him in Jamison City. Slocum was followed by his cat and informed me that he had sold his claim, his cabin and other effects, preparatory to trying his luck in other fields, and that he wanted to sell his cat.

“It is the wisest animal you ever saw,” said he. “Why, during the big storm last winter, you remember it, and that it lasted three weeks, snowing all the time? Well, my cat was my only companion during all that time. Almost every day I noticed it would try to look up the chimney, mewing like a sick babe the while. After the storm was over I went up on the roof, and looking down the chimney I saw three strings of chip-monks and mice, which this cat had caught the previous summer and put away there for winter use.”

I did not buy the cat, for I was afraid that such an intelligent animal might supplant me as superintendent of the mine and I would be out of a job; but I gave George employment and he kept the boys always in a good humor by his terse and ever-ready wit.

Whenever any one told a “yarn” that George disbelieved, he would instantly proceed to tell one so

absurdly ridiculous that the first narrator would be put to shame.

Upon one occasion one of the boys related this story:

"You know how thick the geese are in San Joaquin Valley?" inquired the speaker, "and how they eat out the growing wheat? Well, there lived on the San Joaquin river a Dutchman whose name was Chris Dudenseheimer, and Chris used to wage war on these geese. A brother from the 'Old Country' joined him, who had never fired a gun, but was eager to kill some geese. One day, in the early fall, a large flock of these birds alighted across the river not far from where the brothers were at work.

"'Now is your chance for a shot, Fred,' said Chris. 'Go to the house and load the goosegun, and you can bring down a good lot. You will never have a better chance.'

"'How must I load it?' inquired the inexperienced Fred.

"'Oh, just put in about two drams of powder and one dram of shot,' instructed Chris.

"Away Fred went and soon returned with the gun all loaded for geese.

"'Take a rest by that tree and let them have both barrels,' encouraged Chris, who wished to see his brother make a wonderful first shot.

"Fred got ready and fired. Then turned a double summersault about twenty yards backward before

he could stop, while the gun was thrown far over his shoulder.

“‘Dot vas awfuls!’ exclaimed the poor fellow, pulling himself together the best he could.

“‘Why, how on earth did you load that gun?’ asked the astonished Chris.

“‘Vy, joost like you tolt me. I put in two drams of powder and von of lead. Dot iss all, I measured them in the dram-glass dot ve use efery day for our drinks,’ was the indignant explanation.

“‘Besides nearly killing Fred,’ went on the storyteller, “that shot killed twenty-seven geese.”

This was enough for Slocum.

“‘Better luck than I had,” said he. “Last winter I fired into a flock of more than a million as they flew over my cabin. I got three bushels of wings and legs, and could not see the sun for three days on account of feathers floating in the air, but never killed a goose.”

On another evening a sailor had just finished telling a fabulous story of how he had been ship-wrecked. George Slocum had one equally as improbable which he lost no time in relating.

“‘I was once ship-wrecked, myself,” said he, “off the coast of Patagonia. For nine days I floated astride a barrel of pork, with nothing to eat but a bar of soap.”

And so was his ever ready wit and store of fun.

I have often thought that if he had possessed an education George Slocum might have out-ranked Baron Muenchausen himself as a romancer of this kind.

Norwegian snow-shoes furnished another source of vast amusement and pastime to the Californians through the snow belt of the state, in those early days.

These shoes were first introduced in the country by a man named Thompson in the year 1859, and soon came into general use in the mountainous districts. An expert traveler on them could, if the snow were in a favorable condition traverse as great a distance as he could over the same country on mule-back.

The traveling shoe was about six feet long; the racing shoe about twelve; both made from pine boards four or five inches wide. These boards were grooved down the center, and curved at one end, something like a sleigh-runner. In the center, measuring from end to end, was fastened a leather strap to fit over the foot, below which was nailed a strip which fitted in front of the heel. A long pole with a button on the end was used in guiding the progress of the traveler in climbing hills, also as a brake in descending them.

A favorite sport with the wearers used to be snow-shoe-racing on Sundays. Pilot Peak which overlooked Onion Valley in Plumas County, California, furnished a favorite track for these races. The slope down the mountain-side was a mile and a quarter long, and very steep. So steep, in fact, as to cause a sensation like that produced by falling. So expert did some of these snow-shoe racers become, that I have known them to cover this distance of one and a quarter miles in thirty-nine seconds.

None of the jokes or pastimes of these early miners

ever partook of ill-feeling or unkindness. They were always generous and humane in their dealings with one another. Always ready to extend a helping hand to worthy or unfortunate brothers. Thus ennobling themselves and uplifting others.

CHAPTER VII

It is not a part of these reminiscences to deal with politics, but a few incidents introducing people more or less connected with the career of the early gold diggers of California may be of interest to the general reader.

In another part of this book it has been noted that California became a state of the Union in 1850. The first legislature of the state was held at the town of Benicia.

John C. Fremont and William H. Gwinn were elected to the United States Senate. Fremont was from Missouri, a son-in-law of Senator Thomas H. Benton of Missouri.

Gwinn was born in Tennessee. His father was a great friend of General Jackson. Gwinn came to California from Mississippi, where he had held numerous political offices. Through appointment by General Jackson, Gwinn, at one time held the post of United States Marshal for the state of Mississippi.

The first congressman to represent California was a Mr. Wright, an avowed friend and partner of J. C. Palmer, mentioned before in these sketches as head of the house of Palmer, Cooke & Co., bankers.

A quarrel between Palmer and Gwinn over this man Wright caused a division in the Democratic party.

One wing was led by David C. Broderick, a sworn friend of Palmer, Cooke & Co.

Broderick was, by trade, a stone cutter, but had always taken interest and part in the political issues of his day, and at one time served as Congressional Representative of New York City. His first appearance in politics in California was as state senator.

Broderick was a fine organizer. He was a man of Puritanic morals, never used intoxicating liquors or tobacco, indulged in no kind of dissipation or gaming, yet most strange to relate, he held the "boy element" of San Francisco under remarkable control in all political matters.

With the financial strength of Palmer, Cooke & Co., behind him, he became a potent and prominent candidate for the senate, as opposed to Gwinn. Broderick's friends and supporters in this campaign were known as "Short Hairs," (a term applied to the "boy" or saloon element) composed largely of Democrats from the eastern states. While Gwinn's followers were known as "Long Hairs" or "Chivs," hailing mostly from the southern states.

The war between these two candidates was bitter and unrelenting, assuming as it progressed national proportions and lasting for many years.

In 1855 the "Knownothing Party" elected their state ticket, making J. Neely Johnson governor of the state.

Upon the failure of the banks in 1855, James King-of-William, who was cashier of the banking house of

Adams & Co., lost his job, and starting a sensational paper which he called the "Evening Bulletin," devoted it, as he said, entirely to the reformation of the political municipality.

His assaults were most virulent upon almost all those holding public positions at the time and more particularly upon Broderick, the "Dick Crocker" of the state.

James J. Casey then held the position of deputy sheriff in San Francisco. King published what he said was Casey's record in New York, showing that he had been indicted for felony in that state and was a fugitive from justice.

This was in 1856.

For this attack Casey challenged King to a duel.

Duelling at that day and time was very common between rival politicians, and was the usual way of settling difficulties.

King declined the challenge, but said through his paper, that he was always prepared to defend himself. A day or two afterwards Casey met him on the street and shot him to death.

This occurrence immediately aroused the same spirit which, in 1851, caused to be organized the old "Vigilance Committee," which cleansed the city of thieves and assassins at that time.

Quietly and orderly the old "Vigilance Committee" was revived and re-organized, merchants and business men taking the lead. Its influence was not long in being felt. The San Francisco Herald, a paper which

opposed them was denuded of its advertising, which forced the paper into bankruptcy. And the Alta California which favored them flourished more than ever with the addition of the advertising which had been transferred to its columns.

The Evening Bulletin, the paper of the murdered King, was made the especial organ of the Vigilantes.

Casey and Cory who were on trial for murder were hanged by the Vigilantes. Boothe and Hetherington soon followed in their trail. A reign of terror thus begun among the Broderick gang.

Broderick disappeared from the scene for a time; it was said he went to San Raphael. At all events he concealed himself until the storm had spent its fury. Some fifteen of his lieutenants were expatriated.

"Yankee Sullivan," a prize fighter and one of "de push," was found dead in one of the cells of the Vigilantes; some said he had committed suicide, others that he had been murdered.

For fully two months the Vigilantes had more than 6,000 men under arms, behind what was called "Fort Gunnybags."

W. T. Coleman was president of the organization and Isaac Bluxome was secretary. Their officers were sent through the city armed with warrants of arrest, which were signed:

"By order of the Committee, Thirty-three, Secretary."

Judge Terry was on the Supreme Bench of the state at the time, and when the officers of the committee attempted to arrest a man by the name of Nixon in

his presence Judge Terry drew his knife and stabbed one of the Vigilantes. Terry was himself arrested and held a prisoner for this by the committee for many weeks. At one time the situation looked so serious for him he came very near being executed; better counsel prevailing, however, he was finally released.

General William T. Sherman, at that time a retired army officer, had been the manager of the bank of Lucas, Turner & Co., up to the time of their failure in business. He was chosen commander-in-chief of the law and order forces, numbering only a few hundred. This organization appealed to the commanding officer of the Federal troops stationed at Benicia, hoping to procure from them assistance in the establishment of law and order. But this appeal was refused on the ground that soldiers of the regular army could not take action except by order of the President of the United States, which meant a delay of at least two months.

The Vigilantes had their way in all things. When they had accomplished their supreme will they organized an independent party in San Francisco, known as the "Law and Order Party." For many years thereafter they succeeded in electing their tickets in all municipal elections.

This, however, did not allay the feeling between Broderick and Winn. Their fight was still vigorously carried on, with much bitterness, throughout the state.

In 1857 Broderick controlled the legislature, and was elected to the United States Senate for the long

term. In a fit of generosity he secured the election of Gwinn for the short term, Gwinn agreeing, in writing, to allow Broderick all of the Federal patronage attaching thereto for the State of California.

This agreement was gotten possession of by some of Broderick's enthusiastic friends who had it published. Gwinn broke his compact immediately, and the war between the two became more fierce than ever.

About this time occurred the fight between the Buchanan administration and Stephen A. Douglas, hinging upon the admission of Kansas into the Union under the LeCompton constitution.

Broderick used his efforts in the support of Douglas in the senate, while Gwinn threw his influence with the administration. This secured for Gwinn all the Federal appointments for his friends. The "English Compromise," prepared by representative English from the State of Indiana, was introduced and received the endorsement of the Democrats in congress of both North and South. Douglas, it was understood, agreeing to it with the rest. But Broderick, by sheer force of will, prevented the "Little Giant" from accepting the compromise when it reached the senate.

Had this compromise been accepted by the Democrats of the North and South, there would probably have been no division of the party in 1860. They would surely have elected their president, and the Civil War would most certainly have been postponed.

As has been said before in these pages duelling was, during those times, very common. Broderick was

killed in a duel with David S. Terry, in Marin County, after his first session in congress. The causes which led up to his death as stated here were received from Dr. Richard Porter Ash, the attending surgeon of both parties upon the field of honor, and who always declared that Broderick's friends murdered him.

Broderick, in the heat of anger, had denounced Terry as a corrupt scoundrel. Upon this, Terry resigned his position upon the bench in order to challenge Broderick to a duel. Terry, after offering the challenge, requested Mr. Broderick's seconds to say to him that if he did not intend his remarks to apply to Terry's official position the challenge would be withdrawn, as it was immaterial to him what Broderick thought of him as a private citizen.

This, Dr. Ash related, Broderick was inclined to do, but was persuaded against his better judgment by his friends to accept the challenge at all hazards, they believing, as he was a sure shot, firing from the hip he would certainly kill Terry, which would be a good thing, because in so doing he would establish a reputation as a man of courage which would, in the eastern states insure for him the nomination for vice-president in 1860.

It is told upon the authority of Calhoun Benham, a second of Terry's, that when Broderick met Terry's eye upon the field it seemed to unnerve him before the fight began. Joe McKibben, a second for Broderick, said that a fairer duel than this was never fought. He and David D. Colton were Broderick's

seconds. They secured choice of weapons but Terry's seconds, of course, had the word. The gentlemen fought with regular duelling pistols. Benham told me that when he handed Terry his pistols he remarked to him:

"Judge Terry, I hope you will be successful."

"I do not know," replied Terry, "Broderick fires quick. If he does not kill me I shall hurt him."

The word was given. Both pistols were discharged almost simultaneously; Broderick's perhaps a second ahead of Terry's. Broderick's bullet ploughed the ground beneath the feet of Terry. Had the gun been leveled the eight of an inch higher it would, most probably, have gone through Terry's body.

With Terry's fire Broderick reeled and fell. Benham approached Terry, his principal, and said:

"Judge, you have killed him."

"No, I did not," was the reply, "I did not wish to kill him. I aimed four or five inches below the left nipple."

Broderick, however, died about ten days afterward from the effects of the wound.

Thus ended a life most conspicuous in the political world of those most feverish, early days of California, not to say of the nation.

Quite a number of politicians had been killed in duels before this time.

Turning from these scenes it is gratifying to recall the noble act of a truly brave man.

In an episode in the life of Charles S. Fairfax we

have an example of an act of nobility all must admire.

While clerk of the Supreme Court, Fairfax had an altercation with Harvey Lee. In this difficulty Lee drew a sword from his cane—a familiar weapon in those days was a sword cane—and ran Fairfax through the body. Thus wounded Fairfax drew and leveled his derringer straight at Lee's head; then, hesitating he said:

“You have a wife and small children, Lee, so I will spare your life.”

And again as he fell into the arms of his friends, almost expiring, he rallied, and pointing with his index finger at his antagonist, he repeated:

“Remember, I have spared your life, Lee, on account of your wife and children.”

Fairfax lived some ten years after this, but finally died from the effects of the wound received that day.

Fairfax was of noble blood. He was the last lineal descendant of Lord Fairfax, of England. Upon good authority it has been told of him that he was invited and urged to return to England and assume the title and restore the prestige of his noble family, in “good old England,” but he always declined, saying, that he preferred to be a free American citizen to being a hampered English Lord or Duke.

This spirit is certainly in contrast with that of the present day in America, when the average millionaire, not being able to have titles thrust upon him by birth, is all too willing to sell his daughters, and even his



“YOU HAVE A WIFE AND SMALL CHILDREN, LEE, SO I
SPARE YOUR LIFE.”—Page 112.

sons to rebuild the decayed nobility of England and other countries.

The original Lord Fairfax could not have been more of a commoner than was his California descendant.

Charley Fairfax was not an orator, but a man of "infinite jest and most excellent fancy." Full of manly courage, emotional as a woman, liberal to a fault, the comrade of all classes, he was popular throughout the whole state; and always led his ticket whenever he appeared before the people as a candidate for their suffrage. He served as speaker of the house of the state legislature, and, in 1857, was nominated by the Democrats for clerk of the Supreme Court; an office at that time worth at least \$50,000 per annum.

Major Powell, a noted political orator, opposed him on the "Knownothing" ticket. The Major was well advanced in years, having white hair and wearing a long gray beard. Fairfax accepted a challenge to debate with the Major the issues of the campaign, at Yreka, Trinity County, on a certain day. At the appointed time Major Powell, who, in the meanwhile had died his hair and whiskers a dark color, opened the debate in a speech which consumed fully an hour, at the conclusion of which the large assemblage of miners shouted for Fairfax. During Powell's speech Fairfax had been passing the time at a game of billiards in a nearby hall. Being thus vociferously called for, he came forward, ascended the platform, then turned and looked all around. Finally he very critically sur-

veyed his opponent on the stand, for some seconds, then turning to the audience he said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen:—

"I had expected, this evening, to meet my worthy competitor for the office of clerk of the Supreme Court, Major Powell, in debate of the issues of this campaign; but, as he is not present it would not be fair or proper for me to address you during his absence."

"There is Major Powell behind you," yelled the crowd.

Again turning to the much be-dyed Major, he said:

"No, my friends, this cannot be Major Powell whom I was to meet here, and against whom I am running for the same office. He is a man well-advanced in years; he has white hair and a full gray beard, while this gentleman, whom you would have me believe is Major Powell has a youthful appearance, whose hair and whiskers are, as you see, jet black."

And amidst the plaudits of his admirers Fairfax descended from the platform as if everything were settled for that time, which ended the debate.

Fairfax was elected by a large majority in this campaign, and re-elected to the same office in 1859.

After the defeat of the "Knownothing party," in 1857, Henry A. Crabb and O. C. Hall, both of whom were leaders in that party, went to Mexico.

Crabb, who had a Mexican wife, received and accepted an invitation from General Pesquera, of Sonora, Mexico, to aid him in his fight with Gandero, for the governorship of that state. Crabb and his followers

to receive in return for their services Mexican land grants, as well as other concessions. For that purpose Crabb raised and equipped a force of some hundred and fifty men in California and started to Mexico.

He selected Hall and also Grant Oury as officers. Oury in later years, in 1881 to 1883, was delegate to congress from the territory of Arizona.

To cross the borders of the United States from California to Sonora, Mexico, then consumed several months. During the time and before Crabb and his party arrived, the war between Pesquera and Gandero closed, leaving Pesquera, the supposed friend of Crabb, and whom Crabb was to assist with his forces, in possession of the office of governor of the Mexican state of Sonora. Crabb and Hall, in command of the vanguard advanced and after entering Sonora, at the town of Cavorca, being assailed by a large body of Mexican troops, and relying upon the good faith of Pesquera, Crabb surrendered his force of seventy-five or eighty men, only to have them shot to death. The news of this dire disaster reaching Oury, commanding the rear-guard, caused him to hastily retrace his steps back to Arizona, within the borders of the United States.

The sad death of Crabb and Hall was deeply deplored and regretted by Californians, by whom Pesquera was ever afterward held as the embodiment of treachery and deceit.

In 1859 Milton S. Latham, an administration Democrat, was elected governor of California by a very large

majority, and that winter Latham was elected to the United States Senate. The next year in the presidential election Lincoln carried the state, leading Douglas by some six hundred votes, and Breckenridge by about fifteen hundred votes. Political excitement was at fever heat. There was a large citizenship of southern birth in the state, who sympathized with secession, and another part, who, believing in the right of secession, saw in the organization of the Confederate Government at Montgomery, Alabama, the dissolution of the Union, and the formation of four or five independent governments upon its ruins.

After the secession of the cotton states, public sentiment in California as elsewhere, was against coercion. The great mass of citizens believed, with General Scott, that the best policy was to "let the erring sisters go in peace."

The San Francisco Alta, the San Francisco Bulletin and the Sacramento Union, at that time the leading papers of the state, following the lead of the New York Tribune, advocated peaceable secession. There was besides a strong party in favor of a Pacific Republic.

William M. Gwinn, United States senator, and leader of the Breckenridge wing of the Democracy, used all his influence in that direction. Milton S. Latham, his colleague, was supposed to secretly favor the measure. John G. Downey, the governor, was quiescent. With this end in view there was formed in San Francisco, with its ramifications through the state, a "junta" or combination of leading politicians to organize for

the purpose of taking California out of the Union; and with Oregon and the western territories, forming a Pacific Republic. The first thing toward the accomplishing of that end was to obtain possession of the government arsenal at Benicia.

Albert Sidney Johnston, Colonel commanding the department, was a Southern man whose sympathies were known to be with the South. General Twiggs had surrendered all government property in his department to the seceding states, and it was believed that Johnston would do the same. In January, 1861, a committee waited upon him, asking that if a display of force should be made against him if he would surrender. My informant was a member of the committee. Johnston's reply was:

"Gentlemen, I am a Southern man. When Lincoln is inaugurated my resignation will be in his hands and then my fortunes shall be cast with the Southern Confederacy. But as long as I am a Federal officer I shall defend Federal property."

This ended all attempts to fortify the state and dragoon California into secession.

Had Johnston listened to the importunities of his Southern friends, it is difficult to tell what the result might have been. With the military power of the state in the hands of the secessionists, it is quite certain that an attempt to establish a Pacific Republic would have been made, with every probability of success. For those in favor of the proposition would have been organized and well armed, while the Unionists would

have been unorganized, unarmed and isolated from the government to which they must look for assistance and relief. Such an attempt would have had a most demoralizing effect upon the Union cause in the northern and central states. For several years, at least, the national government would have been deprived of the gold of California and the silver of Washoe Territory—now the state of Nevada. This output of gold and silver was of very great assistance in maintaining the credit of the nation during the Civil War, and to say the least the Pacific coast was saved the horrors of an internecine war, such as was experienced in full force in Missouri, east Tennessee and Kentucky.

Albert Sidney Johnston was a secessionist, sincere and strong, and believed in the righteousness of the Southern cause, and upon the bloody field of Shiloh yielded up his life to maintain the belief most sacred to him. Yet, be it said to his honor, he yielded not when temptation offered, for he was incapable of betraying a trust, even though it was to benefit the cause for which he was willing to sacrifice his life.

As I remember him, he was calm, dignified, quiet and unostentatious. A magnificent specimen of the physical man. Over six feet in height, tall, erect and soldierly in his bearing, about fifty years of age and seeming altogether a man born to command.

When Johnston's resignation as commander of the department in California was accepted by President Lincoln, General Sumner was sent to succeed him. With a company of fifty men under command of Alonzo

Ridley, afterwards a lieutenant-colonel in the Confederate army, Johnston crossed through Arizona and New Mexico into Texas, espousing the cause he loved; and was made, by Jefferson Davis, a lieutenant-general in the Confederate army.

That Johnston understood the magnitude of the impending struggle is well illustrated by this incident which was told me by Colonel Ridley:

The command was camped somewhere in New Mexico, when around the camp fire some of the soldiers began boasting of the valor and prowess of the Southern chivalry, saying that one of them was more than the equal of six Yankees. Johnston quietly interrupted with the remark:

"We are all of the same blood. They are our equals as soldiers. The only chance we have to whip them is to do so before they have an opportunity to fully organize."

At the outset of the war very few supposed it would be one of long duration. That General Grant did not share in this view of the situation will be shown by the following incident:

After the battle of Belmont, Kentucky, the Confederate general, Buckner, met General Grant under a flag of truce, and their conversation was in part reported by telegraph. During the course of their talk Buckner expressed the belief that the North could never win. Grant replied:

"Well, I believe it will be a fight of Killkenny cats; but the North has the longest tail."

When Colonel Johnston joined the Confederate army he left a most interesting family in California. I knew them well, and frequently visited them. The family was composed of a second wife and four small children; the eldest, whose name was Hancock, named for General Hancock, of national fame, being only twelve years old.

Mrs. Johnston was a very handsome brunette, tall and queenly. A fine amateur musician and highly educated. Perhaps not thirty years old yet grief and anxiety had turned her prematurely gray. In 1864-65 she kept a private boarding-house in San Francisco, but soon after the war she removed to Los Angeles, where her son Hancock, became quite prominent in social and business circles. She died quite recently.

Mrs. Johnston once told me that when her husband, Colonel Johnston, resigned from the Federal army he said that he felt it to be his duty to do so, and to defend the land of his birth. Still, if she were opposed he would not go. She told him to go where he felt his duty called.

When the news of the surrender of Lee reached this devoted wife, I was visiting at the house of Todd Robertson, in San Francisco, where Mrs. Johnston also was. The parlor was filled with young people; and as I entered one of the young ladies asked what I thought of the news. I replied, I thought it meant the end of the war and the subjugation of the South.

That before a week had passed Joe Johnson would surrender.

Some one suggested that Kirby Smith might make a stand in Texas. I replied to that by saying that to do so would only subject the state to the pillage and plunder of contending armies with no prospect of final success; and that if Smith refused to surrender he should be shot without mercy.

The scene that followed these remarks was one that was photographed upon my memory, never to be forgotten.

Mrs. Johnston had been sitting quiet and immovable as a statue up to that time; now, she arose from her seat, her tall form vibrating with the emotion of unutterable despair, tears streaming from her eyes, and with the exclamation:

"Oh, God! that it should have ended thus! And what have I not suffered! What have I not endured!" She staggered from the room.

To the patriotic women of the North, who lost husbands, lovers, brothers, in that terrific strife, there was the compensation that at least the cause for which they fought was won, the Union was preserved, the flag still proudly waved where they had striven to uphold it, over an undivided land; but to the women of the Southland, whose loved ones had fallen, whose homes were desolate, whose gardens were devastated and whose fortunes were swept away in the wild riot of civil war, no solace was left, no comfort greater than the wail of the stricken heart:

“Oh, God! That it should have ended thus! And what have I not suffered! What have I not endured!”

Nearly forty years have passed since General Lee surrendered.

The names of Jackson, Lee, Johnson and Johnston are as much a heritage of true Americans as that of Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan and Grant.

Sad as it surely was for some at that dread time, now all must rejoice at the termination as it was, that “it ended thus.”

To be a citizen of this broad land, preserved unbroken as it is, is a prouder distinction than to be prince or potentate of other land.

The animosities engendered by the war between the states have been outgrown. They are past and gone.

Citizens of a loved and common country, Southron and Northron alike, are moving forward to one great destiny.

And regardless of section a grateful people will ever revere the memory of one who kept faithfully his trust, though at the sacrifice of that which he held dearer than life itself, Albert Sidney Johnston.

Long live his memory and great be his honor in all ages!

Senator Gwinn was a strong character. During the early years of the Civil War his time was spent in Europe. He accompanied Maximilian to Mexico and was made Duke of Sonora. Upon the collapse of the rebellion, seeing that the Empire of Mexico was

doomed, he returned to California in the latter part of the year 1865, bankrupt in fame and fortune. Hitherto his ambition was to hold public position; his energies were not employed in building up his private fortune. But now on his return to California, finding all the doors to his political advancement securely bolted and barred, in a sense outlawed by his well-known sympathy with the Southern cause, with a meagre bank account and a family to support, it dawned upon him that to build up his private fortune was the only road left him to travel.

Mining at that time was at flood tide. He did not enter the lists as a broker or speculator in mining shares, but set himself earnestly to work to acquire, by study and practical application, the knowledge of petrology, geology, mineralogy and vein structure, necessary for him to select a prospect that gave assurance of being a mine. He spent the winter of '65 and '66 in the counties of Calaveras, Eldorado and Amador, doing his own cooking, examining the different mineral formations of the producing mines, and in the spring of 1866, secured what was afterwards known as the Gwinn mine. He developed the property intelligently and systematically, making it one of the greatest dividend-paying gold properties of the state. For many years his dividends from this mine ran from twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand a month.

He died in New York some ten years later from pneumonia, well advanced in years.

CHAPTER VIII

The firing on Fort Sumter and the call of President Lincoln for 75,000 men to enforce the constitution and the laws of the United States in the seceding states, was, of course, approved by the loyalists of California as the only course left for a patriot to pursue, and condemned by Southern sympathizers in the state as the despotic act of a self-constituted tyrant. Here, as elsewhere, there was much division of sentiment; friends were separated and brothers were divided.

During the year 1861 California contributed several thousand men to the Southern army.

In some localities the sentiment was strongly against coercion. Everywhere there was great excitement. Bloodshed and mob-violence were only prevented by the judicious counsel of the cooler heads.

Dr. Scott, the pastor of Calvary Presbyterian Church in San Francisco, was accused of praying for the success of Jeff Davis. The next Sunday a large crowd collected in front of his church and hoisted the American flag above it. Mrs. Nelson, a Scotch woman, and a member of his congregation, heard of this occurrence while she was doing her morning marketing. Seizing a large knife the good woman lost no time, but rushed to the church, quickly severed the pole that held the flag, and defied the crowd to replace it.

Mixing in the throng on the street were many armed with pistols and knives. Had a fight once begun, hundreds of lives would have been sacrificed.

In the election that fall the state went overwhelmingly for the Union party.

Leland Stanford was elected governor over John R. McConnell. The latter running upon a platform opposed to war.

This election fixed not only the status of California during the contest, but of Oregon and all the adjacent territories.

That fall 5,000 men were raised and sent through Arizona and New Mexico under command of General Carlton. Shortly afterwards another column of 5,000 men, under command of General Conner, was used in policing the state and in holding in check the disloyal element of Washoe and Utah territories.

Military law, to a great extent, superseded civil law. And when a man became too loud in his demonstrations in favor of the Southern Confederacy he was arrested and sent to the military prison at Alcatraz.

T. Starr King, pastor of the Unitarian Church in San Francisco, one of the ripest scholars of his day, and with few equals as a pulpit orator, contributed greatly to the strengthening of the cause, or the Union sentiment. Many whose sympathies were secretly with the South, supported the Union party, believing that as they were so far removed from the active theater of war, their greatest interest lay in seeing order maintained at home.

The mines of Virginia City along the famous Comstock lode were being exploited then, and California as well as Washoe Territory was sending her treasures of gold and silver to the East.

At this time San Francisco was going ahead by leaps and bounds. Her numerous merchants were growing richer every day.

Among the importing houses that made millions of dollars during the war were, Scholle Brothers and I. and J. Wormser—who afterwards became noted financiers of New York City—Levi Strauss & Co., Murphy Grant & Co., and Selligman Brothers,—founders of the banking firm of T. and W. Selligman & Co., bankers of New York and Europe.

The gambling world was investing money in mining enterprises in all parts of the country.

With all this prosperity there were still those who were not content to let well enough alone—those whose intense feeling led them to attempt a blow for the Southern cause, the Southern Confederacy.

A. Harpending, in the early part of 1862, traveled horseback through New Mexico into Texas and thence to Richmond, and returned with a letter of marque from Jeff Davis.

Harpending and his confederates purchased the "Caroline Chapman," a schooner, and under the pretense of sailing her with a cargo of American merchandise to some Mexican port, smuggled aboard some cannon, a large lot of small arms, ammunition, etc. Their design being to convert her into a war vessel when once

well out on the high seas. Their main object being to capture the Pacific Mail Steamers, as they voyaged to Panama laden with their rich cargoes of valuable supplies.

The crew of the "Caroline Chapman" was arranged for, and the vessel was almost ready to sail, when the plot was discovered and the plans of the party frustrated. The plot was said to have been given away by one Titus.

Harpending, Greathouse and an Englishman named Rhodes, were arrested, tried and sentenced to ten years' service at Alcatraz, by United States Justice Field. They were afterwards pardoned by president Johnson, some time after the close of the war.

Who furnished these men the arms, where they were bought and how procured was never known. None of the prisoners ever made confession implicating others than themselves. I have heard that E. H. Coe was president of the association, and that when he found that the vessel had been seized and her proposed officers arrested, he sent a friend to his room to burn all the papers connected with the enterprise. So no tell-tale evidences of guilt were found there by the officers who searched the premises.

Coe himself went to British Columbia, where another party was formed. This party bought a steamer, but was unable to procure the all essential letter of marque from Jeff Davis, because of the fact that by that time the war was on in full force and nearly every door was closed and locked securely against the Southern Confederacy.

The attempt to equip and man a privateer in the harbor of San Francisco at that time was a most reckless and daring undertaking, and that it came so near success is a circumstance most marvelous to relate.

What the effect upon the country and the war would have been if the scheme of capturing a number of rich vessels loaded with a cargo of from one to several millions of dollars had been successful, is idle to speculate upon. But that it would have proven a bonanza for Harpending, Greathouse and Rhodes goes without saying.

I have never heard what became of Greathouse and Rhodes, after their release, but Harpending plunged at once into mining speculations and made quite a sum of money.

In 1880 he promoted the State Line Mines of New York, and is, I think, still living.

He was a tall man of a nervous quick action and movement. Of untiring energy and great boldness of character. All of which characteristics his subsequent actions go to prove. He figured conspicuously in the great diamond swindle of California, an incident related in another part of this book.

California was not called upon to furnish more soldiers for the Civil War than were obtained by voluntary enlistment. There was no drafting in the states and territories of the Pacific coast. But the citizens of Nevada, Oregon and California contributed large sums of money to the sanitary fund. And those of Southern sympathies gave generously for the benefit of Southern



GENERAL ALBERT SYDNEY JOHNSTON
—Page 117.

soldiers in the Northern prisons. This latter fund was collected by the ladies of Southern birth living in California, and was sent east by them upon its mission of mercy.

At the commencement of the war there was no great feeling between those of different views in the state, but as the magnitude of the struggle was more fully comprehended, and all realized that it was indeed a fight to the finish between men of the same race and the same blood, a struggle that appealed to the stoutest hearts, the Union sentiment gradually grew stronger. And all open expression of sympathy with the Southern Confederacy was quickly suppressed. A law was passed prescribing a very stringent oath for all officials, members of the bar and others in public employment. In one instance a district judge was impeached on account of his avowed opposition to the war.

While there were many men in all parts of the state whose sympathies were entirely with the states in rebellion, being in a large minority they were content to follow their business vocations, in a financial way making the most of an unhappy situation. It can be said, truly, that the Pacific states were intensely loyal to the Federal Government in its great struggle to preserve the Union—a struggle that fixed the supremacy of the national government by destroying forever the doctrine of secession.

The war ended, ex-confederate soldiers were invited to California and treated with that consideration which brave men always receive from a magnanimous foe.

Many of them, to-day, hold high position of trust in the state.

Harry I. Thornton in 1861 resigned his seat in the state senate and joined the Southern army.

Thornton lived in Downieville, Sierra County, where he was associated in the practice of the law with William M. Stewart, now senator from Nevada. Thornton served in the Confederate army for four years, and after the surrender of Joe Johnson returned to California in the winter of 1865.

Thornton was met in the harbor by four old Downieville friends, who gave him a hearty welcome. One of these friends was the late Sam Davis, a Northern man, and an ardent supporter of the war—a banker and money-lender, with a “David Harum” reputation. After hearing from Harry that his earthly possessions consisted of about ten dollars in cash, good health and a profession, Davis drew from his pocket a certified check for four thousand dollars and urged his friend to accept it.

With faltering voice and swimming eyes, Thornton said:

“No, Sam, old fellow, I cannot take it; while I fully appreciate the feeling of friendship that prompts the gift, and am grateful beyond expression, yet I cannot take it. My dear old mother has a home in the city and a small competency; she will cheerfully provide for me.”

Thornton for thirty years stood at the head of his

profession in Nevada and California. And dying, a few years ago, left a very handsome fortune.

John Conness was elected to the United States Senate in 1861. His election was an accident. He was a man of mediocre ability, and his election by the first legislature came as a surprise to the state. He had served in the state legislature for several terms as a Democrat, and had been active as such for ten years previous. His venomous tongue was always getting him into trouble of one kind or another. With him, personal abuse took the place of argument, which oft-times placed him in a most humiliating position. For the early Californian was quick to resent an insult, fancied or otherwise, which made the average, peace-loving man cautious in what he said about his neighbor. Conness put no curb on his tongue, yet his love of peace was innate—so strongly developed that he was never known to resent any personal indignity whatever.

In the senate he aligned himself with the radical wing of the party. He made no mark as a debater in that body, but every one who disagreed with him he proclaimed a copper-head and a traitor; which is not infrequent among such statesmen as he and his class, who fight the battles of their country with Samson's favorite weapon.

His term expired March 4, 1868; and he was a candidate for Secretary of War under the incoming administration.

In March, 1861, the terms of J. C. McKibben and Charles Scott in congress expired.

McKibben, a Pennsylvanian, went into the Northern army, and Scott, an Alabamian, into the Southern army.

I never knew what became of Scott, but I met McKibben in Chicago in 1874, and rode with him as far as Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. At this time he gave me a long recital of his army experiences, two of which anecdotes I reproduce for the benefit of my readers.

Just before the battle of Chickamauga McKibben, who was on the staff of General Rosecrans, met Colonel Harry I. Thornton, of the Confederate army under a flag of truce, as they were warm personal friends. An hour or more was very pleasantly spent by them in inquiring concerning the Californians on both sides.

In parting, McKibben agreed to send through the lines to Thornton a demi-john of whiskey, of which article of necessity there seemed to be a great scarcity in the Confederate camp.

A few days after the battle of Chickamauga, McKibben received a note from Thornton giving the information that he had been wounded in the fight, and that the whiskey would be particularly acceptable and appreciated just then.

Upon receipt of Thornton's note McKibben said he searched the camp over and could find only a very inferior quality of whiskey. A "Jersey lightning" article, warranted to kill if taken in sufficient quanti-

ties. He filled a demi-john, however, and conveyed it to the lines of the enemy for his old friend.

The incident, someway, became known to the newspaper correspondents, who published it far and wide, to the discredit of the commander-in-chief, for allowing such civilities to pass between the Union and Rebel armies. So Rosecrans privately remonstrated with his friend, saying:

"Joe, I know full well the free masonry existing between you Californians, and personally I admire it, but you see it is getting me into trouble, so I hope you will in the future forego all intercourse with your friends in the rebel army."

"All right, Rosey," McKibben replied, "but I can tell you one thing. If a thousand barrels of whiskey, such as I sent Thornton, could have been turned loose in Bragg's camp before the battle, you would not have been whipped at Chickamauga."

After the battle of Gettysburg, McKibben was detailed to convey a lot of Confederate prisoners to Camp Lookout, among the rest a colonel. They were covered with the smoke and dust of battle, and were objects of great curiosity to the Pennsylvania Dutch farmers, who, up to that time, had never seen a real live "Reb."

At one of their halting places an old farmer interviewed the colonel, asking him if he did not think he was doing very wrong in fighting to break up the best government the world ever saw. The colonel replied they were fighting for their homes, their friends and all that they

held most dear. Altogether, the farmer was worsted in the argument, and finally said:

"I wish you would answer me one question."

"All right, certainly what is it?" was the courteous response.

"Are all rebels as dirty and ragged as you fellows?"

This was too much for our colonel, a Virginian, to accept complacently, and the response came:

"Do you think southern gentlemen put on their Sunday clothes to butcher hogs?"

President Johnson appointed McKibben governor of Montana, but his confirmation was defeated in the senate by the persistent work of Conness, although Cornelius Cole, the other California senator, favored him.

When Grant was elected, Conness' term in the senate expired, and he became anxious to be Secretary of War under the new administration. It was generally supposed that he would get the appointment.

McKibben said he saw his chance to play even. He knew that Grant detested a physical coward, and that if Grant learned the history of Conness in California, he would never appoint him to office. He said:

"I was intimate with General Schofield, dined with him often. Schofield dined as often with General Sherman who was Grant's most intimate friend. So, I invited Schofield to dine. In the course of the meal I remarked, 'I see the President's policy is peace.'"

"Yes, so General Grant declares."

"I am convinced of it, for Conness is to be Secretary of War."

"How so?" inquired the general.

"Because," continued McKibben, "I know Conness to be in his life a thorough exponent of perfect peace."

"I do not understand, please explain yourself."

"Well," said McKibben, "in California where we both lived, Hugh Murray horse-whipped him, Charley Fairfax slapped his face, he vilified Judge Botts, who challenged him to a duel, to avoid which Conness arose in his place in the state senate and withdrew all that he had said against the Judge, and eulogied him to the skies. A man in the cabinet with this record is an assurance to the nation that the policy of the administration is certainly peace."

Joe said Schofield laughed heartily at this narrative and his scheme worked as planned. For Schofield told Sherman, Sherman in turn told Grant and Conness was retired to private life.

In personal appearance, McKibben was a large, powerful man, good natured and affable, a fair representative of the early Californian.

Before entering congress he was a miner in Downieville, California. He had a rich claim on Durgan Flat, but the most of his earnings were squandered at the gaming table.

Once, when he and another went into town with \$1200.00 with which to buy their winter's supplies, they agreed not to gamble until their "grub" was bought

and paid for. But as the evening advanced the temptation to try their luck overcame them both, and they lost their "grub-stake" at faro, returning to their claim the next morning, dead broke, to dig out more of the yellow metal with which to buy their food.

McKibben and five brothers made their mark in the Civil War, and one, I think, is still in the army.

When I last saw McKibben, he told me he had \$100,000, was still a bachelor, that he was educating five young ladies so they could take care of themselves, and that his only desire was that he could have sixty days' notice before his demise, in which to spend all his earnings before he passed away.

CHAPTER IX

After the commencement of the Civil War the extreme isolation of the Pacific states was felt keenly by themselves and throughout the East.

Henry M. Judah, a practical civil engineer and railroad man, thinking the time was propitious for the construction of a Pacific railroad from Omaha to California, associated with himself in the enterprise Leland Stanford, then governor of California, Judge Crocker, then judge on the Supreme Bench, Charles Crocker, his brother, Mark Hopkins and Collis P. Huntington.

They incorporated under the name of The Central Pacific Railroad Company.

Judah, dying after the preliminary surveys had been made, left the control of the company in the hands of his colleagues. It is doubtful if the combined capital of the promoters of this gigantic undertaking reached the sum of \$250,000. But they realized the importance of the huge enterprise to the nation at large, and had the business foresight to seize the opportunity, and while benefitting the whole country, at the same time turn it to their own personal advantage as well.

Congress gave them the odd sections of public lands on both sides of the proposed road for twenty miles,

and also agreed to take first mortgage bonds and advance the money as fast as each fifty miles was completed and accepted by the government inspectors at the following rate:

For all plain lands over which the road should run, \$16,000 per mile.

For the foot-hills land, \$24,000 per mile.

For the mountainous land, \$36,000 per mile.

For the Sierras land, \$48,000 per mile.

They returned to California with the project and the state gave them something like a million and a half; and the counties of San Francisco, Sacramento, Placer and San Joaquin gave about two millions more in bonds of their respective counties.

At the next session of congress they had the original bill amended so that the government permitted them to issue first mortgage bonds, \$16,000, \$24,000, \$36,000, and \$48,000, as before stated. And agreed to take second mortgage bonds for a like amount and advance the money upon the completion of each twenty-five miles of the road.

In the meantime, the company sold all the stock they could, which was not very much, to private individuals.

They then organized a Contract and Finance Company, consisting of the directors of the road, namely:

Stanford, the two Crockers, Hopkins and Huntington; contracting to build the road for the railroad company, in consideration of the lands donated by the government, the first and second mortgage bonds

of the company and other bonds that had been donated to them.

The road building was commenced in 1864 and completed in 1869. It is a noticeable fact that little plain and hilly country was encountered; the most being mountainous. The long stretch of tablelands in Nevada and Utah was accepted by the government as mountainous. It was cheaper to run around the arroyos, and thereby make as many miles as possible, than to throw bridges across them.

Huntington established headquarters in Washington; Stanford attended to state legislation and Charles Crocker, superintended the building of the road.

Judge Crocker sold out his interest in the enterprise to his co-partners, before the completion of the road.

When the road was completed it is said a large sum—I have heard it was \$15,000,000—was divided among the remaining partners, Stanford, Hopkins, Crocker and Huntington, who constituted the Contract and Finance Company.

In the meantime the Central Pacific Railroad Company had purchased the steamboats on Sacramento, San Joaquin and Feather rivers, had built as far north as Red Bluffs, and from Sacramento to San Francisco, by way of Lathrop and Stockton. This gave them a virtual monopoly of the carrying trade of all northern and central California.

For a long time the railroad company charged seven to ten cents a mile for carrying passengers, and their freight charges were just below the cost of freight-

ing by team. This added very largely to their revenues.

About the year 1866 Congress made a donation to the Western Pacific Railroad of public lands in the state, and the owners of the Central Pacific acquired their rights. A few years later they began the construction of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

The Legislature passed a bill donating to the Central Pacific several millions of state bonds, and which bill was vetoed by Governor Low.

George C. Gorham, Low's private secretary, favored the measure then, and in the following election, through the influence of the railroad he was nominated for Governor on the Republican ticket. He was defeated however by Henry H. Haight.

The nomination of Gorham, an avowed railroad man, caused a serious break in the Republican party. And that winter witnessed a big fight in the legislature over the tide lands of San Francisco. The matter was finally adjusted by the passage of a bill defining the sea wall of the city, giving the railroad sixty acres, thirty acres to the Central Pacific and thirty acres to the Southern Pacific. This was in Mission Bay and for depot purposes. The remainder was surveyed into lots and blocks and sold at public sale. The money realized from these sales was in the neighborhood of \$1,700,000.

At this session of the legislature was founded the State University at Berkeley, the state capital was permanently located at Sacramento and the construction of the capital building authorized, the Golden

Gate Park was authorized, also the City Hall Building for San Francisco, and the foundation was laid for the most excellent system of public schools in the state by doubling the tax for common school purposes.

Judged by its work this was one of the most important sessions of the legislature ever convened in the state. I represented, in part, San Francisco in this session and always feel some pride in the part I took in its deliberations.

I introduced and passed the bill disposing of the tide lands spoken of above, in the face of a most strenuous opposition from the railroads, who were trying to secure that valuable property as a donation, which, had they succeeded, would have given them perpetual control of the water front of the city.

While in this session I made the acquaintance of Henry George, who was afterwards famous as a single taxer. At that time he was editing the San Francisco Times, a Republican paper. From that time, up to his tragic death, during his canvass for mayor of New York, we were warm, personal friends.

George was a man of strong convictions, firm of purpose, unbending and unyielding. A political gladiator, always ready in the forum of public opinion to fight for any cause he deemed just and right. With him policy, personal, pecuniary or political advancement never controlled his actions in the least, nor ever swerved him from what he considered to be his duty, to his God, to his country and to his fellow man.

He was a Christian of the world, bound by no narrow

creed or sect. His life was one full of love for the common people, unbounded and devoted to them and their cause. He was plain, simple and unassuming. Yet he was maligned, misrepresented and persecuted during his life. But the world now concedes his greatness, and enrolls his name among the immortals of the last century.

Henry George was a writer who never used his pen in the advocacy of any cause he did not believe to be right.

He founded the San Francisco Evening Post and under his editorial management it was established upon a firm financial basis. When the principal owner of the paper, a man of national reputation insisted that the paper should advocate political measures to which George was opposed, he resigned his position, sacrificed his interest in the paper, and with an empty purse began his life anew. A step that met the warm approval of his devoted wife.

He moved his family into cheap rooms, where "Progress and Poverty" was written. No publisher would print the book. So George secured among his friends a thousand subscribers, and being a printer, set up the type himself. The book was widely read by thoughtful men both in this country and Europe, and the name of Henry George as a thinker and reformer became firmly established in the world. His subsequent books only increased his reputation.

Denounced at first as a socialist and anarchist, because of his courage in attacking abuses mouldering

under the moss of ages his broad humanity and great civic virtues were finally acknowledged, and he died leaving the citizenship of the great metropolis mourning the loss of one of the most profound thinkers of the 19th century. And all classes, high and low alike vied with each other in paying homage to his memory.

The next session of the legislature, in the winter of 1869-70, the Southern Pacific Railroad Company passed a bill through both houses, allowing all the southern counties to vote bonds in aid of the Southern Pacific at the rate of \$10,000 per mile, for every mile of railroad built in such county, which meant bankruptcy to many of them. The amount that San Louis Obispo alone would have been entitled to vote was \$1,800,000.

Kern County's share would have been \$2,250,000. And at that time these counties were all sparsely settled with a small amount of taxable property.

During this session I was called to Sacramento, where I learned from Governor Haight that he felt it his duty to veto the Southern Pacific bill, but feared that it would be passed over his veto, as the railroad seemed to be in control of both houses of the legislature.

The senate was composed of forty members, twenty-two Democrats and eighteen Republicans. Four of the Democratic members were employes or contractors under the railroad. To them, of course, it was idle to appeal for assistance to defeat the bill.

L. L. Bullock and myself, at the suggestion of the governor, secured the pledge of seventeen Democrats to vote in future to sustain all the governor's vetoes.

George C. Perkins, now United States senator, was an independent, anti-railroad Republican, elected from Butte County.

Haight sent in his veto of the bill to the senate and a day was set for a vote upon it. The railroad got in its lobby work, and four of our men "fell down," and one, the senator from Sonoma County was ill with pneumonia, and not present. It was absolutely necessary, in order to preserve the veto, that he should be there. Tom Fowler, of Tulare County, was appointed to hold the floor until the sick man could be brought in.

Tom was an illiterate, voluble Irishman. He arose, he began his speech, talked railroad subsidies, no fence law, stock raising and almost everything else. About every five minutes he would pause and take a drink of water. So frequent did this irrigation act become that James Green, of Marin County, raised a point of order.

"State your point of order," said President Holden.

"I object," said James Green, "to seeing a windmill run by water."

This interruption did not embarrass Fowler in the least. He manfully held the floor until four men entered bearing Burnett, the Sonoma senator, upon a mattress, and well covered with blankets.

"I am through, gentlemen," then concluded the intrepid Tom.

The vote on the governor's veto was then ordered, which was taken and resulted in the veto being sustained.



LOUIS SLOSS.—*Page 150.*

Thirteen Democrats with Senator Perkins voting in the affirmative.

This ended all attempts of the railroad to obtain state or county bonds in aid of their various schemes.

As before stated the Southern Pacific Railroad was built by the owners of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, who utilized the earnings of the completed road to construct the other. For as fast as a section of the Southern Pacific was built, it was leased to the Central Pacific, presumable for enough to build another section.

In this way the Southern Pacific was completed, without any bonded indebtedness, unless I am misinformed.

The building of the Central Pacific Railroad across the Sierra Nevadas, where the snowfall in winter is frequently twenty feet, was an herculean task; and that it should have been successfully accomplished by four men whose combined capital could not have been sufficient to complete ten miles of road over the most favorable ground on the proposed line, and without any previous experience in that kind of work, was a most remarkable and wonderful feat.

The men and their ability seemed to develop with the progress of the work. All became multi-millionaires, and all during their lives held high positions in the railroad world.

The rottenness of the "Credit Mobilier," which built the Union Pacific was exposed in the courts and

in congress, as is well known to every one. But the secret workings of the Contract and Finance Company were never made public.

Several attempts were made to bring the company to an accounting in the courts of California, but the suits were invariably settled or compromised in some quiet way.

I had a personal acquaintance with Governor Stanford, who left to his adopted state the Stanford University, a monument more lasting than brass, more durable than marble. One that through the centuries to come will perpetuate his munificence as a citizen and his virtues as a man. A man warm-hearted, generous and kind.

In the fall of 1868 I made the trip overland from San Francisco to New York. After leaving Sacramento City I traveled by passenger and construction train to Argenta, Nevada, thence by stage six days and nights to Salt Lake City, when, for the first time after leaving Sacramento I was privileged to undress and enjoy a good night's rest. I had been nine days on the way, the roads were bad and the stage-line without eating stations after leaving Austin, so I and two fellow travelers fared none too well. For three days before reaching Salt Lake City we averaged about a meal every fifteen hours, and then the greatest thing about them was the price, being never less than a dollar and a half per meal.

About three o'clock in the morning of the fifth day of this stage journey we reach a station. It was

November and very cold. We sat an hour shivering over the poor fire, when a voice issuing from an unwashed, uncombed specimen of the pioneer invited us to breakfast by the announcement:

“Yer grub’s ready.”

A very welcome sound as we had not tasted food for eighteen hours. We lost no time in approaching the table. This meal consisted of coffee—or rather hot water barely colored with coffee—bacon as thick as your hand and floating in grease; flour dough fried a little on the outside in this grease from the bacon, and nothing more. I ate one slice of the bacon and nibbled the outside of a ball of dough, which was sufficient for me. I had enough. That bacon must have been captured by Cornwallis at Yorktown and sent west for the consumption of just such unfortunates as we were. None but those almost starved could have eaten it. Age had given it strength which even our hungry palates failed to make enjoyable.

Salt Lake City was at that time a city of ten thousand. Brigham Young owned and occupied a large block enclosed by a wall about fifteen feet high. Within the enclosure was the Lion house where lived seven or eight of his wives. In the block were numerous small houses, each having a door through the wall, which was securely locked on the outside. I was told that in each of these houses there lived one wife of the prophet and her children.

It seemed to be the custom of the Mormons living in the country to have a small house for each wife,

rather than have the numerous wives of the same man live in one house.

The Tabernacle, built with a seating capacity of six thousand, was then completed and contained one of the largest, most magnificent and best toned pipe organs I have ever seen or heard. This fine instrument was constructed entirely by Mormon mechanics.

In that his command was law Brigham Young was the controlling power among his followers. He was a great executive and as interesting a conversationalist as I ever met.

Among his people industry, temperance and thrift were strictly enjoined, and each man encouraged to take as many wives as he could support.

Brigham had a wire connecting his office with every Mormon settlement for miles around. Farmers were limited to small acreages; few farms were above twenty acres. The stores of the church were co-operative, so, also the flouring mills, the woolen mills and other manufacturing enterprises. The Mormons were self-sustaining, so far as dependence of the outside world was concerned.

There was only one bar and billiard saloon in the city, and that was patronized exclusively by gentiles. The city had a theater; all the actors were Mormons. Admission to the theater was paid in poultry, cabbage, turnips and all kinds of produce, or whatever else the patrons had. I suppose that each article had its price, but I do not know how that was arranged. It was

an orderly town and living was cheap as compared with that in any of the eastern cities.

Almost all the Mormons were from the Protestant countries of Europe. I was told there were no proselytes from the Catholic Church.

I took stage from Salt Lake City for Bryan City, the end of the Union Pacific, traveling two days and nights. Only a few days before my arrival Bryan City had indulged in a lynching in which several men were hung and quite a number of rough characters driven out of town. From this city I traveled as far as Cheyenne on a caboose attached to a construction train, when we entered a sleeping car and enjoyed the luxury of a good night's rest. For four hundred miles along this road there were no permanent settlers. Cheyenne was a town of tents. Gambling seemed to be the chief industry. From Cheyenne it was good traveling all the rest of the way to New York City.

On this trip Mr. Hutchinson, of the firm of Hutchinson, Kohl & Co., was a fellow passenger. This firm was connected with the Alaska Commercial Company, which for thirty years held a monopoly of the fur-seal trade, and to a large extent, still controls the fur trade of Alaska.

Alaska, as all know, was purchased by Secretary Seward under Johnson's administration in 1867. Seward's attention was first directed to this territory by a man who had been killing seals in the Arctic, and

wanted to obtain from Russia a concession through the state department to extend his business.

After several conversations with his party Seward, being convinced of the value of Alaska by reason of its furs and seals, its forests and its fisheries, entered into negotiations for its purchase. The Russian Fur Company for many years had been established there on a firm basis, and on the transfer of Alaska to our sovereignty was anxious to close out.

Hutchinson, Kohl & Co. formed a company in San Francisco under the name of the Alaska Commercial Company to take over their property. I think there were originally ten men who formed this company, each paying into the fund the sum of ten thousand dollars. Four of these men I knew in San Francisco. They were John Livingston, Louis Sloss, Louis Gerstle and A. Wasserman. The American Company bought out the stores and other property of the Russian company. By shipping silks, wines, brandies and other articles on which there was an extreme war-tariff to San Francisco, where they were admitted free of duty, the company reimbursed itself four-fold, and had money in its treasury with which to lobby in Washington. Sloss, who was the brains of the enterprise, became a Grant elector in California. In 1869 they had a bill introduced in congress to lease the fur-seal rookeries of Alaska, which failed at that session on account of the determined opposition of representative Johnson of California.

Grant was inaugurated president in 1869, and he

appointed General Miller, an old army comrade, a collector of customs for San Francisco.

After a short time Miller resigned that office and became president of the Alaska Commerical Company.

At the ensuing session of congress the bill to lease the fur-seal islands was passed and became a law. Under the provisions of the bill the Secretary of the Treasury advertised for bids, and the lease was to go to the party offering the most advantageous terms to the government; but the lessees were to be familiar with the mode of killing seals, etc. The latter clause was evidently inserted purposely to exclude all bidders except the commerical company.

When the time came for the opening of the bids, General Miller was on the ground. All the bids were rejected, except two, because the parties presenting them had no experience in the business. The bid of the Alaska Commercial Company was much lower than the competing bids, but the company was given the lease at the price of the competing bid, which gave it a franchise for twenty-five years. A contract that was worth millions annually.

I knew Louis Sloss intimately. He died about 1902.

He was a man of many noble traits of character generous and charitable. He was highly esteemed and respected; not only by his business associates, but by all citizens of San Francisco.

CHAPTER X

Of those who followed mining in California in the early days very few became the subsequent millionaires of the state. The large fortunes were made through investments in land and business enterprises.

James Lick came to California in 1848 and settled in San Jose. He invested in country and city property. The hundred vara lot, 275x275 feet, on which is built the Lick House, he bought in 1848 for sixteen ounces of gold dust, or \$256. When he died this property alone was worth several millions of dollars.

He founded the Lick flouring mills at San Jose, the first, I think, in the state, and which paid handsomely. He invested his accumulations in real estate, and at the time of his death, in 1877, he left an estate of about \$8,000,000. He was by trade a piano-maker; and, I have heard, owing to some domestic trouble, left his wife in New York, emigrated to Buenos Ayres, thence to San Francisco shortly after the discovery of gold.

Lick was a woman-hater. If a woman entered one door of his office he would disappear through another. He would never speak to a woman, or have any transactions with them whatever.

He employed his son and nephew for many years as managers of his estate, at nominal salaries, always

assuring them that their reward would come after his death. Then in his will he divided his estate in a most eccentric manner. First, he left a large sum to found the Lick Observatory, an equal amount for the establishment of an academy of arts and sciences; quite a large sum to the Pioneer Society of California; a sum for the erection of a monument to the memory of Francis Barton Key, author of "The Star Spangled Banner"; another for a monument to his own ancestors; and various other bequests, but overlooking his son and nephew entirely. His son was paid by the trustees of the estate, if I remember rightly, \$300,000 in order to avoid litigation, but the nephew received nothing.

Horace Hawes was another strange character, whose fortune was made in San Francisco real estate.

Hawes was a lawyer.

Under the old Mexican law the Pueblo of San Francisco was given almost all the land on the peninsula for the benefit of the citizens of the pueblo to graze or cultivate at will. With the advent of Americans came "squatters" on all these pueblo and outside lands. The titles to these were subsequently confirmed to those in possession, by act of the legislature, and now cover much of the most desirable residence and business property of the city.

Horace Hawes held a large tract of this land, which formed the foundation for the millions of dollars he left at his demise in the early seventies. He was a very penurious man, vain and ambitious.

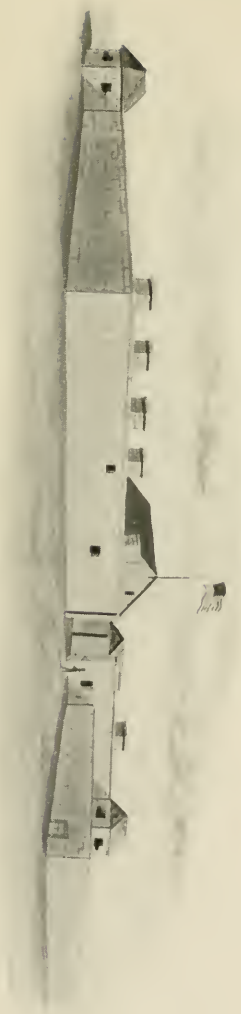
Hawes represented San Francisco in the state senate

in 1863 to 1867; and besides passing a bill giving himself and others titles to their pueblo lands, bore a leading part in all the legislation of the two sessions. He was a man of conceded ability, but very eccentric and very vindictive. He introduced and passed the first registry law of the state, a cumbersome and intricate law, puzzling to the most astute of lawyers. But no doubt it suited the author, for when it was under discussion in the senate and a brother senator called attention to some of its defects, Hawes declared that it was "about as perfect as human ingenuity could make it."

He conceived a great animosity to his colleague, Senator Dodge, which he made no effort to conceal either in public or private. In a debate upon some measure, where, as usual, they opposed each other Hawes once said:

"Mr. President:—I have traveled a great deal during my life, not only in my own country, but in the British Isles and Europe. Among other places I have visited the 'Eternal City.' While in Rome I saw the art gallery of the Vatican, and I was delighted with the many beautiful paintings of the old masters there exhibited. One in particular commanded my attention. It was Christ and His Disciples at the Last Supper; and had I not known, Mr. President, from the antiquity of the picture, that such a thing was impossible, I should have thought that Senator Dodge sat for the portrait of Judas Iscariot."

At another time Nap. Broughton, the great lobbyist



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of his day, presented a bill to Hawes and urged him to support it in the senate, when the following conversation occurred:

"Is this a strictly honest bill, Mr. Broughton?"

"Yes, Senator, else I should not ask you to support it."

"No little thieving clauses in it, Mr. Broughton?"

"None, whatever, Senator."

"I am sorry for you, Mr. Broughton. No honest bill can pass this session. I would advise you to revise it, Mr. Broughton; put in a few little stealing clauses, give it to Senator Dodge, and it will pass without a doubt."

Lord Erskine said, "lawyers worked hard, lived well and died poor." Horace Hawes reversed this rule. He worked hard, lived poor and died rich. At his death his will in which he disinherited his wife, was set aside, and the property divided between his wife and son.

Michael Rees, James Phelan, John Center, Sam Merritt and Jack Hayes were among those who made millions from the advance in real estate in San Francisco and Oakland.

Colonel John C. Hayes, or as he was more familiarly known, Jack Hayes, the Mexican war veteran, was the first sheriff of San Francisco.

Upon his retirement from political life he bought a Spanish land grant, a large portion of which is comprised within the present city of Oakland. For many years he had constant litigation with those who squatted upon this land. Some time in 1864 or 1865, all legal

contests having been decided in his favor, he finally perfected the title to his property, and the land in the interval had so appreciated in value that he found himself a millionaire. Had it been so he could have disposed of it when he wished, the probabilities are that he never would have been numbered among the rich men of the state.

Colonel Hayes was about five feet eleven inches in height, thin and spare, weighing about one hundred and fifty pounds. He was modest and retiring with nothing to indicate the dare-devil soldier that he was. In private life he was a kind, generous and hospitable neighbor.

Hayes was a born soldier and leader of men, but indifferent and careless as to the rules governing military life. The following anecdote, which was told to me by General Wood, will illustrate this, so I give it here:

When the fight was the thickest around the City of Mexico, "Padre Juan," with his guerrillas, proved a serious menace to the invading army, lariatting and killing all stragglers.

General Scott ordered Hayes, then promoted to be a colonel in the regular army, to pursue and punish the Padre. Hayes made the expedition and after about a week or ten days returned to camp, but made no report to his superior officer. General Scott, after a few days, learned that Hayes' command was in camp, and that they had had a brush with the Padre, so sent for Colonel Hayes.

It should be borne in mind that General Scott was a veritable Martinet in enforcing military discipline. After Hayes was seated in the commander's headquarters, Scott said:

"Colonel Hayes, I have received no report of your expedition against the Padre."

"I did not think it worth while," said Hayes.

"Every officer of the army is required to make a full report of everything to his superior officer. Please make your report verbally."

Hayes began by saying that he struck the Padre's trail on a certain day, followed it for two days, and on the third day, while his command was resting at noon and taking their "siesta," the old Padre came down on them. That the boys gathered themselves together and whipped the Mexicans off, killing quite a number of the Padre's command. His own loss being insignificant; one killed and three wounded.

"Surprised you, eh?" queried Scott.

"Yes, we were not expecting him."

"Where were your pickets?"

"Did not have any."

"What! A colonel in the regular army of the United States go into camp in the heart of the enemy's country and never place a picket on guard? What would you do if surprised while asleep?"

"Shoot the first man that waked me up," was the cool reply.

Scott said that Hayes was simply incorrigible.

Hayes never drilled his command; with him it was "Come on boys," and they followed where he led.

After the battle of Monterey in which his gallantry was conspicuous, a number of young lieutenants, graduates of West Point, visited his camp to pay their compliments to "Fighting Jack." They found him frying bacon, surrounded by soldiers, with nothing to distinguish him from those about him.

"Where can we find Colonel Hayes?" inquired the spokesman.

"I think you will find him over yonder," pointing to a group of men about a hundred yards away.

Riding over to the group indicated the young men made the same inquiry. To their surprise and chagrin they were informed that the man with the frying-pan was the officer they were in search of.

They rode back to their headquarters without further effort to make his acquaintance.

Here is an anecdote told me by Hayes himself:

Hayes said that on entering the City of Mexico very strict orders had been issued against pillaging, but that he discovered one of his men, John Garvin, coming out of a church with a gold crucifix in his hand.

"I ordered him to take it back," said Hayes in the relation to me, "the man hesitated and replied: 'Now, Colonel, I have got a wife and three children back in Texas, and this little Jesus will do us a power of good.'

"I reiterated my command, peremptorily, to take it back, and rode away," continued Hayes, "but I am

satisfied that for the first and perhaps the last time in his life John stuck to his Jesus."

At the outset of the Civil War Jefferson Davis, who knew Colonel Hayes' record, offered him the command of all the cavalry forces in the Mississippi Valley. In order to accept this offer Hayes tried to borrow \$25,000 to leave with his wife and family, but failing to do so, remained in California. Which, as the results proved, was much better for both himself and those dependent upon him. He became a very rich man by remaining in the Golden State.

Not alone in city property was large fortunes made in California in the early days, but in agricultural lands as well. A large amount of land, particularly in the southern counties, was covered by Spanish grants, and these lands were sold at from thirty-five to fifty cents an acre. Many of them now in a high state of cultivation, covered with orange orchards, vineyards, walnut and olive groves, are worth from three hundred to five hundred dollars per acre. The land laws of the government did not limit the amount an individual or a firm could enter, which opened up a wide field for speculators and land-grabbers.

During the sixties when greenbacks were worth from sixty to seventy cents on the dollar and the government price was one dollar and a quarter in greenbacks, the land offices of California did a thriving business.

In the northern counties of Sutter, Yuba, Butte,

Tehama and Colusa, which are now the granary of the state, farming up to 1860 was confined to the river bottoms. The uplands were considered valueless, except for grazing.

I remember a trip I made to Colusa County in 1857. The land seemed to be traversed in all directions by fissures from six to twenty feet deep; not arroyos or canyons, but open cracks in the soil. There were no trees, bushes or vegetation of any kind. And had any one told me that in five years it would all be brought under cultivation, I should have thought him crazy. But such proved to be the fact.

Dr. Glenn, a Missourian, who made quite a fortune driving cattle across the plains, entered about two townships of these lands and introduced summer fallowing; that is, ploughing deep in the spring and summer and seeding it in September and October, so as to get the full benefit of the winter rains. The rains in California begin in November and continue until April. This method proved successful, and these uplands became the most productive wheat lands of the state.

Glenn used to cultivate from forty to forty-five thousand acres annually, and his ranch, it is said, produced yearly, in wheat, barley, wool, sheep and cattle to the gross value of one and a quarter millions of dollars. He very frequently chartered vessels and marketed his wheat in Liverpool.

It was an inspiring sight to witness this immense area being prepared for seeding. As far as the eye



"IT ZHUST MAKES ME ZICK, RIGHT HERE."—Page 180.

could reach could be seen large gang-plows, each drawn by six animals, turning up the soil. Glenn's example inspired others to go and do likewise, and every one took all the land he could get. A ranch of six hundred and forty acres was considered small. The main part of the farmers cultivated from four to ten thousand acres annually, and as wheat bore a good price fortunes were thus accumulated rapidly.

Men borrowed money at from two to three per cent. a month to invest in land and grew rich by the transaction.

Major Bidwell emigrated to California some time prior to the Mexican War and settled near what is now the town of Chico, in Butte County. He secured a Spanish grant covering a large area of fertile land, which he cultivated profitably up to his death, which occurred some time in the early eighties. He founded large industrial enterprises near his home; was a public-spirited citizen and accumulated a large fortune.

Mr. Bidwell served one term in congress, at the outset of the Civil War.

Irrigation was first introduced by the Mormons in San Bernardino County; and was rapidly extended into the San Joaquin and Kern River valleys.

The waters of King, Kern and other rivers are now spread over the adjacent country, so that where thirty years ago were barren wastes are now productive fields.

Where now stands the flourishing city of Fresno, in the heart of the rich raisin-growing section of the

state, in 1870 was also a barren waste. When water was first spread on the land it was sold in lots of twenty acres each for twenty dollars per acre. Since it has been improved and devoted to raisin-culture, this land commands from three hundred to five hundred dollars per acre.

In 1870 Haggin and Carr entered some three hundred thousand acres of land in Kern County, near the town of Bakersfield. It cost a large outlay of time and money to reclaim it, but now it is all under cultivation, and John B. Haggin, who bought the interest of his partner, W. B. Carr, is sole owner of this princely domain.

The firm of Miller & Lux also acquired title to a large estate in this section. Visiting at Visalia once upon a time, I knew Henry Miller to enter in one day six townships of land. In 1872 I drove through one of their fields which was enclosed by a wire fence, and through which we drove for fifty miles.

Upon the death of Lux, some fifteen years ago, I saw a statement that their estate was valued at \$20,000,000, mostly in live stock and lands. They were wholesale butchers of cattle in San Francisco, and with Dumphrey and Hildreth, for many years enjoyed a monopoly of the business.

Lux attended to the butchering and selling in the city. I had only a slight acquaintance with him, but I knew Henry Miller well. Both were hardworking, shrewd Dutchmen, with a thorough knowledge of the business in which they were engaged. Miller

especially was one of the most energetic men I ever knew. He was about five feet eight inches high and weighed about a hundred and fifty pounds, all bone and muscle, with no surplus flesh, and endowed with unlimited powers of endurance. Miller attended to the ranches, breeding of stock, buying of the cattle and driving them to market. He had the reputation of being the best buyer in the state. Prompt and decisive, he would examine a lot of cattle, make an offer and not vary from it. I never heard of his paying too much for his cattle but once. The story was told me by Barton, of Santa Barbara, and here it is:

The firm of Miller & Lux had not long been established, and it was just after the Easter holidays. Barton had a herd of cattle for sale, and was the first to approach San Francisco. He had a drove of three hundred and fifty head, and on a certain day met Miller at Gilroy, who inquired of Barton when and where the cattle he had for sale could be seen.

"They are down the road about five miles from here," said Barton.

"Vell," said Miller, "you go ahead, round up your cattle; I will be dere in haf an hour."

Barton proceeded down the road and met his cattle. He had always observed that animals looked larger on top of the hill, looking up at them than when standing above and looking down; it occurred to him to take advantage of this fact to make his cattle appear as well as possible in making the trade with Miller. Seeing a little knoll near by, he had his vaqueros drive

the herd upon it ready for inspection. Miller came, looked the bunch over and inquired the price.

"Forty dollars a head," said Barton.

"I von't gif it; I gives you thirty-tree tollars. You delifer dem at Redwood City," was Miller's decision.

Barton said he knew of three other herds coming up behind him; and also that Miller would never advance his offer, so accepted it and Miller said:

"How much money you want now? I gif you five thousand dollar, and de balance ven der cattle are delifered."

"No," said Barton, "I only want enough to pay my men now; give me five hundred dollars and I will get the balance when I come to the city."

"All right," agreed Miller, handing him a check for the amount stated.

About two weeks later Barton called at the office of the firm in San Francisco to get the money coming to him. After settlement of the business, Miller said to him:

"Barton, dem cattle dies de lightest, to look so big of any steers I effer saw. Vat is de matter mit 'em?"

Laughingly Barton replied:

"If you will treat to wine, Miller, I will tell you."

"I do it," said Miller.

The wine was produced, and as they passed the social cup, Barton proceeded to explain why the cattle "died so light."

"You remember, Miller, when you bought my cattle

the drove was standing on a hill, and you were looking up."

"Yes, yes! Dot's it, dot's it! I puys no more cattle on de hill-tops!" concluded the sagacious man. And Barton seemed to think that Miller always kept his vow.

When I first knew Miller it was not unusual for him to ride seventy or eighty miles a day. When, on account of high water, his cattle would bog down, no cowboy would work harder to rescue them than did he. At every ranch he had a foreman, and if Miller ever found a pelt or skin, or anything else of minutest value, allowed to go to waste, he would raise a storm his foreman would not soon forget. He would go from one ranch to another, borrowing from one to pay up another, making no memoranda, keeping no books, but carrying in his memory every transaction of the trip perfectly, and give the account accurately to his book-keeper upon returning to his office in the city. These trips frequently extended over thirty days. Monthly statements were sent to each foreman, and they were always found to be perfectly correct.

None knew better than Miller the value of a reliable, efficient man, and he always rewarded such. Many men now financially independent owe their start in life to him.

Once, on one of his Kern County ranches he had a foreman with whom he quarreled. The foreman said:

"If it were not that you are a smaller man than I, I would beat you half to death."

At this Miller threw off his coat and went for the man. The foreman succeeded in giving him a good trouncing, then demanded a settlement, which was made. That all over with Miller apologized and hired the man over again, with an advance in wages. He knew he had a good man.

So large were the possessions of this firm of Miller & Lux, it was said they could drive their cattle from Los Angeles County to San Francisco, camping each night on their own land.

I remember meeting Miller once at Firebaugh's Ferry on the San Joaquin River, when he was buying so much land. It was at breakfast, and a man called Hog Johnson began to criticise Miller's purchases, when Miller turned to him and said:

"Hog, you knows dere iss more peoples born into de world effery year dan dies out of it, don't you?"

"Yes," admitted Hog.

"Vell, dey all haf to lif off de land, and dere iss no more land borned effery year."

A wise maxim, which if I had followed in early life in California, I might now be a millionaire instead of having spent most of my days in running through drifts, tunnels and shafts. Large fortunes were made by the purchase of Spanish land grants for a mere pittance compared with the great value to which they subsequently attained.

Colonel W. W. Hollister, Flint & Bixby, Lieutenant Edward F. Beale, James Irvine and the Murphys of

San Jose, and many others amassed millions of dollars in this way.

Flint & Bixby, and James Irvine, in 1857, or about that time, bought a grant of land in Los Angeles County containing 110,000 acres, at ten cents an acre, which gave them large returns as a sheep ranch, and subsequently, about 1874, James Irvine bought out his partners. At his death, in 1887, it was valued at two and a quarter millions. In 1873 Lucky Baldwin bought from Newmark & Co. the Santa Anita ranch in the same county, for \$150,000. He holds it to-day, and it is one of the most beautiful places in southern California.

These are only a few of the many illustrations of the large fortunes acquired by the advancement of the price of land in the state.

The holding of great areas of land in one body for some time retarded the growth of California, but of late years the process of subdivision has been going steadily forward. Where once the land was devoted to grazing, it is now appropriated by agriculturists and horticulturists, who are enriching commerce with their fruit and grain, building up towns and cities, and making homes for a great and ever-increasing population.

No state in the Union presents greater and more favorable opportunities to the cultivator of the soil than does California. While the day is passed when he may become a millionaire by the investment of a few thousands in land, yet he can earn enough to keep

his family in affluence, and have a competency for his declining years, and with one-half of the labor necessary to make a bare living in many of the Eastern states.

These are the men to give strength and stability to a state. The tiller of the soil has his home and is dependent on God and his own exertions alone for support.

The capitalist can clip the coupons from his bonds in any place or in any land, but the cultivator of his acres is as much a part of the land as the eternal hills that surround him. Every tree has its memory, every field its history to endear it to his heart. When danger threatens the country, his sons are the first and foremost in the defence of state and home, to defy death in the wild havoc of war.

Intelligent selfishness rules the world. But often those who in quest of gold explore new lands, build better than they dream of. So it was with those who:

In the days of old,
In days of gold,
In the days of "Forty-nine."

Were the pioneers of California. Their enterprise, their intelligence and their industry laid broad and deep the foundations of the empire of the Pacific Slope.

Not California alone, but Nevada, Idaho and Arizona as well.

They promoted the imperial city of San Francisco, where the argosies of the world, passing her Golden

Gate, stop to pay tribute to her commercial supremacy.

And best of all, bequeathed to those who came after them civic virtues so great that to be a Californian, in the truest sense is to be a broad-minded, liberal, brave and generous man. One whose word is his bond, whose honesty is unquestioned and whose patriotism is intensely sublime.

CHAPTER XI

As heretofore stated, placer mining in California was practically exhausted in 1857. After this, attention was more particularly directed to gravel mining. That is to the uncovering of the "Old River Beds" of the state. These were called "Blue Gravel Diggings."

It was not until the uncovering of the Comstock Lode, which finally produced over \$600,000,000, that any great attention was directed to quartz mining. This discovery occurred in 1859, and was made by a man named Comstock, an old prospector. Comstock sold his location for a few thousand dollars and spent the money royally while it lasted.

This discovery, where ore was found near the surface so rich in value, it ranged from \$300 to \$500 per ton, immediately drew to Virginia City, in the Territory of Washoe, a large influx of miners. The vein or ledge in the Comstock was continuous for several miles.

I first visited Virginia City in 1860. At that time there were few houses but a great many tents. Mining claims were located by feet and sold by feet. We were all ignorant of vein mining. At that time there were no technical mining schools in America where a miner could graduate. About all the technical knowledge that could be obtained on such lines, at that time, was in a mining school in Freiberg, Germany. While

Freiberg graduated fine chemists and assayers, they were ignorant concerning mineral veins in the western mining world as the rest of us.

In the year 1860-61 B. Davidson & Co., the San Francisco agents of the Rothschilds secured an option upon the "Mexican Mine," at Gold Hill on the Comstock. The Rothschilds sent the best experts from Europe, graduates of Freiberg, to examine the ledge. These experts reported it worthless, because it was a contact vein. Mr. Davidson thereupon surrendered the option to the owners, one of whom expressed his gratification at getting it back.

"For," said he, "we can get three times the amount your option calls for."

"I am glad of it, boys," said Davidson, "but the Rothschilds do not speculate, they invest."

In less than five years from that time the Rothschilds, like all the speculative world, were "investing" in Comstock.

The old text-books of Freiberg taught that while mineral might appear in contact veins, mines were never permanent except in fissure veins. They also taught that carbonate ore carrying gold and silver was never found except in specimen form. Both fallacies have long since been exploded by the development of the mineral veins and irregular deposits of the West.

First among the Comstock group to yield large returns was the "Ophir Mine." How many lineal feet there were in this claim, or for that matter, in any of

them, I do not know, but it sold for \$5,000 a foot in 1860-61, and was paying about \$500 per foot monthly in dividends.

The "Gould and Curry" claim was also a large bonanza. Ore was found there near the surface. Not an assessment was levied. This stock rose to \$7,500 per foot.

Fortunes were made rapidly.

Virginia City became at once the theater of great activity. Around the town were hundreds of prospectors. Every day men would come into camp with their pockets full of rocks, claiming to have discovered a rich mine.

The Comstock claim was located to the extent of six or seven miles in length. Much rich ore was found. The important question was how to reduce the ore. Most of the ore was reduced by the old "patios" system, which came to us from Mexico.

Necessity, ever the "mother of invention," soon discovered and perfected the steam silver-reduction mills, and many custom mills were put up. At first they charged \$100 per ton for reducing the ores, guaranteeing to return 60 per cent of its assay value. In 1862 the "Gould and Curry" built a very fine mill.

Everything was conducted on the most gigantic and extravagant scale. An Eastern man of that day, accustomed to accumulate by pennies, would have been astounded at the wasteful expenditure on every side.

Charlie Strong, who had failed in the stationery business in San Francisco, was installed as superintend-

ent of the "Gould and Curry," because he was "a good fellow," and received a salary of \$1,000 per month, and \$1,000 to be used in entertaining. When the stock was selling for \$1,000 a foot, Michael Rees, of San Francisco, came up to inspect the mine, in which he was part owner. Seeing a large supply of champagne being unloaded at the superintendent's door, and not approving of that method of running a mine, he returned to San Francisco and sold out his stock at \$12,000 a foot. In a very short time he bought it back, paying \$2,200 a foot.

John O. Earle, afterwards one of San Francisco's millionaires borrowed \$5,000 and invested it in this mine. He realized from the same an independent fortune, and had sense enough to invest it in San Francisco real estate and thereafter let stock gambling on Pine Street alone. A. B. McCreary, a brother-in-law to Judge Stephen J. Field, also bought stock in this mine, and received his dividends until the point was reached when he realized that the mine was worked out. Then he sprang aboard a steamer bound for New York, where he sold his stock at about \$7,000 a foot.

He invested these proceeds in San Francisco property, married, and, as far as I know, lived and died a rich man.

A rugged specimen of the "wild and woolly West" was Sandy Bowers. He could hardly read or write. He made a large fortune on the Comstock, and like many others, built himself a fine residence, married,

spent his money lavishly, was generous to a fault, and died very poor.

Shortly after the Comstock discovery a mining stock exchange was organized in San Francisco, with branches in Virginia City and at other points.

Speculation in all the Comstock schemes ran up to fever heat. The whole gambling world invested in them, and San Francisco banks accepted them as security. There were not enough feet to go around, so share companies were organized.

Fortunes were made and lost in a day upon the exchange. Servant girls, school teachers, clerks, bartenders—everybody was in the whirlpool of chance in mining speculations.

The late John W. Mackay first appeared on the Comstock as a day laborer.

At one time "Jimmie" Fair occupied the same humble position.

A little saloon was kept on Washington Street, San Francisco, where men of all kinds mingled to "take a drink." Here many a plebian treated with the future resident of "Knob Hill." Flood & O'Brien, the men who kept this little saloon made big money there.

In 1874 was uncovered the largest bonanza ever found upon the ledge in the "Consolidated Virginia" and the "California," at a depth of about 1,200 feet. From these two mines there was extracted \$200,000,000. The dividends were nearly \$80,000,000.

A picturesque and strong figure was W. C. Ralston, who came to San Francisco about the time of the dis-

covery of the Comstock. He had been a banker in connection with Commodore Garrison and Captain Fretz, on the Isthmus of Panama. He founded a bank in San Francisco in connection with Joseph A. Donahue and Eugene Kelly, under the firm name of Donahue, Ralston & Co. He remained with this bank but a short time when he started the Bank of California.

D. O. Mills, now of New York, was formerly a banker in Sacramento, and joined Ralston. It was said that Mill's capital at the time was about \$100,000. But such capitalists as Haggin & Tevis, Nick Luning, Michael Rees, John O. Earle and others united with them.

To the best of my recollection this was in 1865. Five million dollars was the capital of the bank. William Sharon was practically bankrupt at the time but Ralston made him agent of the bank at Virginia City. Ralston, it is said, selected Sharon because he was a good poker player. Some of the board of directors objected to Sharon because he played poker—when Ralston inquired if he played it well. The reply was that no one on the coast could play better.

"Then," said Ralston, "he is the very man we want."

Ralston and Sharon made a great deal of money out of the Belcher Mine, and incidentally many of their friends shared their good fortune. Out of their dividends fine hotels were erected. The Palace Hotel stands to-day a monument to the enterprise of Ralston. A watch factory was started and carriage works were set in motion. The California Theater was built and

Ralston put in and backed, to an unlimited extent, the late John McCullough, who brought to the Coast the best available theatrical material the English speaking people could produce.

Lawrence Barrett, Edwin Adams,—a great actor—the universally beloved Thomas Keene, Robert Bateman, Bella Pateman, Adelaide Neilson, John E. Owens, John T. Raymond, Edwin Booth, Mrs. Judah, Mes-tayer, Emily Melville and many others of note were members of that famous stock company.

Ralston was a broad-minded man, intensely devoted to San Francisco, the city of his adoption.

Just before this time the overland stage line **had** been established. Telegraphic communication between San Francisco and New York had also been **accomplished**.

Daily quotations of the stock of the leading mines on the Comstock were sent over the wires to all financial points in the world. The monthly dividends in 1863-64-65 were very large; and under the peculiar California system of assessing mining stocks there was no lack of money for the development of any mining claim.

Washoe Territory, under the name of Nevada, was admitted to the Union and all her legislation was favorable to the mining interests.

The entire Pacific Coast felt the new impetus given by mining.

The prospectors with their burros started on their tours of discovery more elated and hopeful than ever,



REACHING THE OTHER SIDE JUST AS THE BRIDGE WAS SWEEPED AWAY.—Page 184.

and many new mining districts were opened up. Not only in Nevada, but in Utah, Idaho, Montana, Arizona and Old Mexico.

San Francisco flourished as a great port of entry for the Pacific Coast. Facilities for shipping increased and rapidly multiplied.

The steam paddy—a huge shovel operated by steam—was used to level the sand-hills and extend the area of business streets along the water front.

California held to the gold standard.

All contracts were made payable in gold, which gave the importers a distinct advantage over any other city in the Union. Gold appreciating, as it rapidly did, from 1861 to 1864, gave the merchants of San Francisco an opportunity to buy their supplies on credit of from four to five or six months. They sold their gold at a premium that really amounted to a discount of from 20 to 30 per cent upon the original purchase price of the merchandise.

Under the combined influence of the war and the great mining activity put in motion by the Comstock, the population of California largely and rapidly increased. Again a flood of speculation came from all parts of the world.

Brokers and bankers in London, Paris, Berlin, as well as in New York and all eastern centers had their agents and representatives in San Francisco. The wheel of Monte Carlo was as nothing compared with the game on Pine Street at this time. Everything was traveling at white heat throughout the Pacific

Coast. New mines were opened every day. Holes in the ground in newly discovered districts were sold at what would now seem fabulous prices. Some not over ten feet would bring from \$10,000 to \$50,000. All tricks of the trade in mine dealing and mining speculating were employed to capture the eager, infatuated hunters for rapidly made fortunes. One among many instances I recall; that of a broker who was floating a wildcat scheme:

He proposed to a teacher in the Lincoln school that if she would invest \$500 he would guarantee her \$1,000 profit in four months; but told her she must not mention the matter to any one. Of course, as he expected, she carried the news to her associated teachers as quickly as possible.

The broker found a ready market for his stock not only among the teachers but the parents of many of the pupils. He made good his guarantee, but how much the other investors lost has never been ascertained.

About the year 1867 the dividends of the Comstock suffered a heavy decline. There was some doubt as to its permanency. The Bank of California with Ralston at its head had been a great factor in this development. From a conservative standpoint Ralston was not a banker but a bold, fearless operator; ready at all times to back his judgment on any and every enterprise that interested him. He and Sharon held control of the "Belcher" mine on the Comstock. Alvinsa Hayward controlled the "Crown Point." Hayward had owned the Lincoln gold mine in Amador County, Cali-

formia. At one time he found his money gone and credit exhausted, or so the story goes. He appealed to an old sporting friend who gave him \$5,000 which enabled him to exploit his mine and gradually it became a big paying property. He sold it out in 1864 for \$1,000,000 and entered the list of operators on the Comstock. His sporting friend never saw a poor day after that. Hayward not only returned the money he borrowed, but thousands besides.

In 1867 the Crown Point stock was selling at about \$1.75 a share. That year Hayward's brother-in-law, John P. Jones, was defeated for lieutenant governor of California, on the Republican ticket, and Hayward made him superintendent of the Crown Point and said he would sink the mine one or two hundred feet deeper, then, if he found nothing would abandon it.

At about 900 feet he struck what was known as the "Crown Point Bonanza," which extended into the Belcher. There never was an assessment levied on the Crown Point. They increased the shares of the company 18 to 1. The "Belcher" was selling at \$2 a share, and after this body of ore was struck on the "Crown Point," they having in the meantime levied assessments to the extent of \$11 a share, the Belcher shares were increase 24 for 1. This watered stock in Crown Point sold at about \$300 a share, and in the Belcher about \$250, making the original shares of the mines worth from \$5,000 to \$6,000 each and which had been formerly sold at \$1.75 to \$2.

I had a Jewish friend who had 500 shares in these mines. He sold them at an advance of fifty cents a share, thinking he was making good money by the trade. When a year afterwards the dividends on this watered stock amounted to \$50 a share, which would have made his dividends \$25,000, monthly, had he held his stock; and the market value of the whole, somewhere in the neighborhood of \$3,000,000, the heart-broken fellow would come to me, with his hands pressing his stomach, and say:

"Tom, Tom! If I had only held on to my Crown Point and my Belcher, vat millions would I not haf. Ven I tinks off it, it zhust maks me zick right here."

I sympathized with the poor man; because I have seen many a speculator feel "zick right here"—meaning at heart—time and time again.

The old saying "a miss is as good as a mile" is not always consoling.

Cipher codes in telegraphy were first introduced in 1863, upon the great Comstock mine in Virginia City, in this wise:

It was rumored around the city that a great bonanza was about to be struck, I think in the "Hale and Norcross" mine. The superintendent was expected to make a report by telegraph on a certain evening.

An agent and assistant of a leading San Francisco broker who was himself a telegraph operator, had it arranged with his employer that when he found that such a report was to be made he would go to Reno, outside of Virginia City—then, as now, a station on

the Central Pacific—where he would listen and read the ticking of the message passing over the line. He had it understood with his partner, that if he sent to San Francisco a dispatch reading:

“I have sold my team,” his partner should lose no time in buying up all the stock he could get his fingers on.

It was a cold, bleak night when he went to Reno; snowing and sleeting with the wind blowing at the rate of sixty miles an hour as he drew up at the station. Housing his animals he asked the station operator for permission to sit by the stove and warm himself. The permission was given and he settled himself comfortably.

In a short time the instrument began ticking with a message passing over the line; and he heard the full report of rich ore having been uncovered that day.

Soon afterward he handed the operator a message which he wished sent, and which read:

“I have sold my team,” by which his partner was apprised of the valuable discovery at an early hour which gave him the advantage of his more tardy fellow-speculators.

At that time a large amount of business was done on the streets in San Francisco, from seven to ten A. M., before the opening of the Board. So this broker had ample opportunity, that morning, before the Board convened, to secure a large block of stock, which he did without losing a moment's time; and by ten o'clock the price had advanced 100 per cent in price.

To prevent recurrences like this, telegraph cipher codes were brought into use.

The wagon road through Henness' Pass by way of Placerville was opened in 1861. A line of stages for passengers was placed on this road, and all supplies required in the mining camps of Nevada were transported in "prairie schooners"—big wagons with twelve to sixteen mules to each wagon. Even this was an improvement over walking or traveling on the slow, little pack-mules, used previously. Few of this time and generation can fully understand and appreciate the great discomforts of travel undergone forty or fifty years ago, by those who blazed the trail to the far and golden West. Where then trod the lone prospector over rough, mountainous road, now runs the polished railroad trains, carrying with them every comfort and convenience the traveller could desire. Taking him over a distance in one day that would have required the early settler weeks of weary travel to traverse, and surrounded by many dangers from exposure to cold, savages and wild beasts.

These prospectors were the pioneers of civilization.

Along the path they made, soon followed first stages, now railroads.

The young men of to-day would consider it quite a hardship to travel in a stage twenty-four hours without sleep; but to those of earlier times, to be able to get passage at all on a stage, jolting along over new, unused roads, for perhaps five or six days and nights

at a stretch, were considered quite comfortable accommodations, indeed.

Up to 1866 all communication was by stage between Marysville, Stockton and Sacramento, and the interior mining camps. At least twenty coaches a day left Marysville for the mines. Some of these Concord coaches carried thirty passengers; and were drawn by six horses.

From Sacramento the stage travel was even greater. The drivers were paid at first from \$100 to \$150 per month. There was much rivalry among the drivers as to which was the most expert at the business. Indeed it required a cool head and a steady hand to handle six horses on the rough, sometimes dangerous mountain roads. But the driver's sole care was the management of his horses. At every station where the horses were changed a hostler unhitched the tired team and replaced it with fresh animals. After delivering his passengers at the end of his journey, the driver would take his team to the company barn, when his part of the work was finished, for that trip.

Among those hardy drivers, strange to say, was once a woman; as good a driver as could be found. Disguised in male attire, she drove a stage for twenty years, from Knight's Ferry to Stockton, without any one suspecting her sex.

About 1870 I made the trip with her. She was quite tall, broad shouldered and compactly built. Her face was much bronzed from exposure and she spoke

in rather a masculine, falsetto voice. She was an expert driver and handled her four horses with perfect ease, not excelled by any of the men. At that time she had established a reputation for coolness and bravery that many a man, thirsting for notoriety might have envied.

Once, during a time of extreme high water in the Tuolumne River, when she reached its banks, found the river greatly swollen and essayed to cross. She could feel the trembling of the bridge beneath the horses' feet; while below was the rush and whirl of angry waters. Instantly her resolution was taken, and without hesitation she sharply plied the lash to her faithful animals, who sped forward with a bound only reaching the other shore as the bridge was swept away, and narrowly escaping death in the surging flood.

At another time this brave creature was stopped by highwaymen, who demanded the express box she carried. At the points of levelled guns, deliberately she threw the box out, coolly remarking:

"I was not thinking of this, but the next time you attempt to rob me I shall be fixed for you."

She whipped up her horses and drove away.

A few weeks afterwards when again two men attempted to stop her she shot the leader, applied the lash to her horses and escaped without harm.

The body of the highwayman was found by a searching party in an old tunnel near the scene of the shooting.

Some years later I read a newspaper account of her death; which occurred in Salinas Valley near the city

of Watsonville, Monterey County. This article stated that after driving the stage over the same route for twenty-five years, she had, some two year previous to the writing, on account of suffering from rheumatism, given up stage driving and invested her earnings in a ranch near the town, There she led a quiet, industrious life, attending strictly to her own business, cultivating her land alone. Being missed from her accustomed employments about the ranch by her neighbors, for several days, a search was made and her body was found cold in death, on her bed in her little cabin. In preparing the body for burial, to the utter surprise of every one it was discovered, for the first time, that she was a woman. Who she was, whence she came, what her previous history could have been, what crosses in love or disappointments in life had led her to assume the role, and do the work of a man, in one of the roughest callings of life, are mysteries never to be solved. She died and gave no sign.

I do not remember the name she bore.

The old California Stage Company, founded in 1854, held a virtual monopoly of the business up to 1861. The magnitude of the business can be imagined when I state that in 1858 they sent Wash Montgomery, one of their agents, to Missouri and Kentucky who bought for them 1,200 head of horses and drove them across the plains for use on their lines.

A quarrel ensued between the California Stage Company, which at that time controlled all the stage travel of the coast, and the Wells, Fargo Company. This

resulted in the latter placing an opposition line between Sacramento and Virginia City. This competition brought about a reduction of the fare from \$40 to \$3 and a decrease in the running time to about thirty-six hours. The rate of speed being ten miles an hour, the most rapid rate of stage traveling of which I have ever heard in any part of the world. Considering the roughness of the road over which they traveled it was phenomenal.

This rivalry between the two companies finally resulted in the failure of the California Stage Company, and the better establishment of the Wells, Fargo system, which still exists to-day.

CHAPTER XII

The human tree that developed into Wm. C. Ralston, was peculiarly a California production; in no other soil could it have taken root, grown and flourished. It was the genius of Ralston that made the Bank of California not only the greatest financial institution on the Coast, but one of the strongest in the country, and its resources were, under the direction of the master hand controlling its machinery, always directed to the industrial development of San Francisco, California, and the Pacific Coast. Agriculture, mining, manufacturing and commerce were all aided, abetted and assisted. When the farmer needed money to harvest his crop, Ralston supplied it.

If a new mine was opened, Ralston was ready with assistance. When I. C. Bateman had reached the point where a mill was needed on the Northern Belle, Ralston gave him his individual check for seventy-five thousand dollars as a personal loan without security to erect it, and Bateman and his partners made millions.

When Stanford and his colleagues were pinched for money in constructing the Central Pacific Railroad, Ralston supplied it. When Peter Donahue needed

money to complete his road to Gilroy, Ralston advanced it. He and his friends built the Pioche Road in Nevada.

He believed in California with its illimitable possibilities of soil and climate, and he believed in San Francisco as the future metropolis of the Setting Sun. He projected ocean lines to the Sandwich Islands, Australia, China and Japan. His industry and energy were everywhere in evidence, his dream was to make San Francisco a great manufacturing center. The Mission Woolen Mills, the lead works, refining works and nail works were built through his advice and assistance. He built a watch factory and carriage factory, which, had he lived, I have no doubt would have been in operation to-day. He left among other monuments to his civic ambition and public enterprise, the Grand Hotel of five hundred rooms and the Palace Hotel of one thousand rooms.

With great capacity for work, he grew strong under tasks that would have destroyed an ordinary man. Quick to grasp a proposition, whether of public or private enterprise, and to push it with a zeal that defied defeat, he infused into the business life of San Francisco the personality of his dominant energy and tireless enterprise.

Without envy or malice, devoid of greed, generous, magnanimous and noble, he permitted others to reap when he had sown. If an enterprise failed to materialize dollars, as rapidly as expected, rather than endure the whinings of faint-hearted partners, he would assume its burthens; indeed, it was a common saying applied

to one of his associates, that Ralston caught the hares and his friend picked out the fat ones.

His sympathy for his fellow-man was humanitarian; he never lost sight of the fact that he was the son of a carpenter and spent his early youth in shoving the jack-plane. He would always find time to find a good job for the working-man and to tide a struggling, worthy fellow over the tides of threatened danger. He payed labor the highest wage. It was he who induced James Lick to endow a technical school in San Francisco where young men could be educated in mechanical art.

While he was the dominant power on the coast and beloved of all classes, Ralston had enemies most malignant and bitter, acting upon the reports of experts whom he confided in, he and his friends invested largely in Savage Stock, under the belief that the ore bodies of the Con. Virginia and California dipped into the Savage ground. There was one hundred and ten thousand shares in the mine and when the collapse came, it dropped from six hundred and fifty dollars per share to fifty dollars in a week.

Then began a systematic assault through the columns of the Call and Bulletin upon Ralston and the California Bank. It was charged that he had defrauded the public in the Diamond Swindle elsewhere related in this book, when in fact he and others had taken hold of it upon a report made by one of the best experts of the city, Ralston putting in his own money and afterwards paying over \$300,000 to those who bought in on his advice. The company was formed, but

Ralston locked up the stock, refusing to sell a share until the value of the property was proven.

It was also charged that he was about to revive the old De Hara claim to a large portion of the City of San Francisco, a falsehood most infamous in its conception and promulgation. These and other charges were made against Ralston, and with insinuations and indirect charges affecting the integrity of the Bank of California, were sent broadcast to every financial center. As the bank was drawing direct upon London, Paris, Antwerp, Berlin and other cities of Europe, it is not surprising that its credit was affected throughout the financial world, and that with assets non-convertible for the moment, it was not able to meet the constant drain upon its resources.

The bank closed its doors on the 26th of August, 1875. The enemies of Ralston had triumphed. He met his tragic death on the 27th. The Daily Alta of the 28th had the following:

“The tragic story of yesterday is briefly told. The early morning saw W. C. Ralston departing from his home for the bank, leaving his wife and his children penniless—laying down his entire property, home and all, on the altar of financial honor. He sacrificed all, to help the bank. In the great pride of manhood, he met the Board of Trustees, men who, with few exceptions, had been lifted by his genius, from obscurity to affluence. There were those among them (and we are informed that Mr. Sharon was one of those), who offered to stand by him until the last dollar, and the last drop of blood were gone. When the Board of

Trustees met, Mr. Ralston was requested to withdraw, because they desired to consult on some matters which would require his absence. He withdrew to his office. Soon, he was waited upon by D. O. Mills, who, by instructions of the Board, presented to him a copy of a resolution adopted by the Board, requesting his resignation. Immediately he handed the required document to Mr. Mills, and after a few moment's conversation with a friend, he went from his office into the general banking room, and never returned. It appears that he left the bank by the Sansome Street entrance, went up Sansome to Clay, thence to Stockton Street, and to the Bath House at North Beach. The proprietor of the bath suggested to him, upon his request for towels, that he was too warm to go into the water. It seems that he had walked all the way from the bank. His handkerchief and underclothing, when found and examined, nearly an hour after his death, were dripping with perspiration. And this is the story. We have no comment to make upon the agencies that brought about this result.

"The streets were alive with people until a late hour last night, and at all points the sad event of the day, which has cast a gloom over the city, was the subject of discussion."

The following is the report of the Coroner's Jury:—

"The deceased was William C. Ralston, late of the City and County of San Francisco. His age was 49 years, and he was a native of Ohio. On Friday afternoon, August 27, 1875, Mr. Ralston, according to his habit of bathing there, proceeded to the North Beach for the purpose of sea bathing. He used every reasonable and proper precaution to reduce his bodily temperature before entering the water. He was carried by

the flood tide beyond his power to return, and his exertions to regain the shore, added to the shock to his system by contact with the water, while he was overheated, produced congestion of the brain and vital organs. His death was caused primarily by such congestion, and secondarily by drowning. The jury were unanimously of the opinion, and do find that Mr. Ralston's death was accidental.

"Signed:

J. B. Garniss,
C. L. Weller,
H. F. Williams,
A. A. Cohen,

R. F. Morrow,
J. R. Keene,
W. H. L. Barnes,
J. C. L. Wadsworth.

"The Coroner, after the jury had rendered their report, thanked them for the diligence and care they had exercised in arriving at their verdict. He also stated that he had left nothing undone that would bring out all the facts in the case."

On Tuesday, August 29th, memorial sermons were preached in all the leading churches of the city. On Monday, the day of the funeral, San Francisco put on the garb of mourning, flags were at half-mast from public and private buildings throughout the city, and citizens en masse turned out to do honor to the memory of him who had been the master force in beautifying San Francisco and paving the way to the magnificent commercial importance she to-day enjoys. The procession, three miles long, that on foot and in vehicles followed his remains to Lone Mountain, and the thousands of men, women and children that with bowed heads lined the streets along which passed the mourn-



W. C. RALSTON, FOUNDER OF THE BANK
OF CALIFORNIA. —*Page 187.*

ful cortege was without class distinction in doing honor to California's most distinguished citizen; the laborer took his place by the side of the millionaire, all stood silent under shadow of great disaster, for it was recognized that in the untimely taking off of this man a great calamity had been visited upon the city and caused evils which time alone could repair.

Even with his death and burial the tongue of slander was not silenced.

On the third of September, there appeared as an advertisement, draped in sombre black, the following:

“MEETING.

“All the friends of the late William C. Ralston are requested to meet at Union Hall, this evening, September 8, 1875, at 8 o'clock.”

Fears were entertained that the meeting might result in mob violence or the organization of a vigilance committee. Such was not its purpose, it was a meeting called in order that the true feeling cherished by San Francisco for her dead friend and benefactor might find expression in eulogy of his life and character and in solemn protests against his defamers.

At the appointed time, twenty thousand people assembled to do justice to his memory. The hall was crowded and overflow meetings were organized. It was a representation of all classes. From the speeches made on this occasion, I make the following extracts:

Col. W. H. L. Barnes:

"There is no well-founded accusation against him. It was said, falsely said, that he was a defaulter to the Bank of California. Now, gentlemen, that is not so. It has never been responsibly asserted. If I understand the meaning of the term, as we use it in connection with such an institution, it means one who feloniously secretes and absorbs to his own benefit, the moneys that are intrusted to him. Is there any man who will say that of William C. Ralston?

"Of his enormous fortune, it all went to the public. The alleged defalcations simply are indebtedness to the bank of which he was President, which his estate is believed to be ample to meet. * * * * *

"There is not a laboring man, there is not a mechanic, there is not a citizen of San Francisco, that has not reaped the benefit of those loans. What if the capital of the Bank of California was impaired by loans to the Mission Woolen Mills? It has made an institution that is the pride of the city and state, and is worth, to-day, more than a million dollars over and above every cent it owes the Bank of California. Your factories and your places of public industry—the sources from which your best class of artisans, your skilled mechanics, get their living and support their families—have been taken care of by this capital of the Bank of California. And I think it is a great deal better to have it in that shape than to have it in Yellow Jacket and Savage. They said there is an over issue of the stock of the Bank of California. Gentlemen, I say here now, that if there ever was an unmitigated, good, old-fashioned, American lie, it is that. * * * * *

"What shall I say of him as a friend? Whoever

knew him but found in him a loyal, faithful, honest-hearted, tender, sympathizing, self-sacrificing friend. It made no difference what your trouble was,—monetary or personal,—whatever it was, you could take him when the financial tide was surging and sweeping about him, and he could strip himself of all his own cares and anxieties, and sit down and hear what you had to say, and set himself to work with that resistless energy of his, to bear you safely through. No poor man ever went to him and received an unkind word. No defenseless woman, no little child ever begged of him, but found his pocket as free as his advice. None ever spoke to that man and had him put them through all the phases of their misery before he relieved them. He gave everywhere, to everybody. And if a little child wanted a place to work, and went to him, he would lay aside his business and go with it in hand until he found something for it to do. Everywhere, with everybody, he was generous, kindly, considerate. He never cringed to a rich man, and he never turned his back upon a poor one. His proudest boast was that he was a man of the people; that his father was a carpenter, that he learned his trade, and I remember—and it only occurs to me at this moment—that when, a couple of years ago, I was discussing before the public that question, ‘What shall we do with our boys?’ he said that if a trade school should be started here for these untrained, uneducated boys, he would give, \$100,000 to start it. And it was through his influence, and through his persuasions toward those who were most near him, that James Lick made that munificent provision, which still exists, for the establishment in San Francisco of a great trade school for boys. However you look at him, in whatever he did,

whatever he attempted to do, he never, never, and God, who hears the assertion, knows its truth—acted from a selfish, base, or ignoble motive.”

Hon. Thomas Fitch:

“What part of human speech can fitly eulogize the man we have lost? What brush of artist, or pen of dramatist can depict the benefactions of his generous life, and the tragedy of his heroic death? His deeds speak for him in tones that sound like the blare of trumpets, his monuments rise from every rood of ground in your city. His eulogy is written on ten thousand hearts, commerce commemorates his deeds with her whitening sails and her laden wharves, philanthropy chimes the bells of all public charities in attestation of his liberality, patriotism sings peans for him, who in the hour of the nation’s struggle, sent the ringing gold of mercy to chime with the flashing steel of valor. Unnumbered deeds of private generosity attest his secret charities, sorrow has found solace in his deeds, despair has been lifted into hope by his bounty, there are charities whose heaven-kissing spires chronicle his donations to the cause of religion, schools claim him as their patron, hospitals own him as their benefactor. Art has found in him a supporter, science leaned on him while her vision swept the infinite, the feet of progress have been sandaled with his silver. He has upheld invention while she wrestled with the dead forces of nature. He was the life of all enterprise, the vigor of all progress, the epitome and representative of all that is broadening, and expansive, and uplifting, in the life of California. Would you show honor and hospitality to travelers renowned in letters, arts or arms? Ralston was the princely host.

Did you wish to forward a public or private charity? Ralston headed the subscription list. Would you develop a new industry, to enlarge the resources of the city, start a new manufacture, add wealth to the state, and furnish hundreds of husbands and fathers with contented and well paid toil?—you went to Ralston for advice and assistance. He impressed you with his power, he infused you with his energy, he touched you with his princely generosity, he conquered you with his magnetism. His vitality was like the flash of steel, his enduring energy was like the steady and swift flow of a cataract, his beneficence was like the copious and searching philanthropy of the summer rain. Of all her public possessions, the commonwealth of California never owned anything more valuable than this man's life. Of all her public disasters, she has had none greater than his death. Of all her shrines, there should be none more sacred from desecration than his memory.

“And the people of California will be false to every impulse of justice and manly honor, if they allow the hounds of treachery, cruelty, and falsehood, who ran hot upon his trail, while living, to now lay their slanders upon his new-made grave. I say with you ‘Never!’ Rather let every honest hand grasp a whip to scourge these merciless dogs into their dens—into the editorial rooms of the San Francisco Bulletin and Call.

“I say, my fellow citizens, that William C. Ralston was stung to death by the blood-sucking vermin of the press. I am not here to question the verdict of the Coroner's jury, but even if Mr. Ralston had wrought his own destruction, if, denuded of all earthly possessions, if, bereft of house and home, wounded in spirit and shorn of hope, his great heart left the earth and sought the swift current that should carry his

life out through the Golden Gate of death into the peaceful ocean whose shores are the confines of Eternity, if this had been so who shall gainsay his right, or question his decision?

"Of all his vast possessions he retained nothing, not even a winding sheet. He went out of the world as he came into it. He left everything to his creditors—his creditors! do I say? What man so presumptuous as to call William C. Ralston his debtor? The people of California, collectively, owe him more than enough to offset his liabilities, and the balance to his credit in the Eternal Ledger is large enough to acquit him of all the errors of a princely life.

"My fellow citizens, I am not here to attempt to cast reproach upon the genius of a free press. It is the great economical illuminator of all practical human aspects, politics, art, religion, society, morals. It is at once the tribunal of taste and the articulator of thought. It is the handmaid of enterprise, the fortress of order, the mailed, invincible right arm of freedom.

"Like commerce, it gives health and vigor to the life of nations. Like commerce, its sceptre stretches from the shining temples of the Orient to the swimming forests of the Thames. Its shrouds stiffen, and its white sheets fill with the winged gales of Progress—beating foaming paths through conquered waters, dashing, on steeds of fire, along iron ways, harnessing the elements to its chariot, reading the mysteries of the magnet, making a courier of the lightning, and guides of sun and stars, it courses its way in majesty, in power, and in glory, over a boundless sea of possibilities, and its dominion broadens with every swelling of the tide.

"Its many colored fabric is meshed and fashioned in the beneficent loom of cumulative emprise, and

its shifting shuttle marks the pace of the world's advance. But if piratic hands grasp the sceptre, and change it to a murderous cudgel, if its bellied sails are blackened with fumes from hell, and bloated with the charnel house's vapors, if, instead of argosies engaged in fair trade, we have slavers seeking their cargoes in the fever-haunted jungles of slander—wreckers, lighting false beacons to lure noble ships upon the rocks of confidence—pirates whose decks are slippery with the blood of their victims, if narrowing the horizon of its opportunities down to spite and hindrance, and slanders foul, and stale, and false and inhuman, the press becomes the plunderer of the reputation of men, living and dead,—then even as the nations of the earth combine for the extermination of the outlaws of the sea, so ought communities to combine against the demons of the press. Have we not such pirates among us? Why, fellow citizens, for twenty years, the San Francisco Bulletin has crouched like a bloodless frog upon a stone, gloating, and croaking, and puking in the face of nature.”

Dr. J. C. Shorb:

“Ralston was great in spite of any fate. He owed nothing, absolutely nothing, to his surroundings, he owed nothing to the age in which his lot was cast, he owed nothing to his parentage save the bare fact of his existence, he owed nothing to early education, for this was denied him. I tell you, citizens of San Francisco, he was great when he shoved the jack-plane at his father's bench, in Wellsville, Ohio, he was great when he trod the deck of the river packet on the Mississippi, he was great when he first set foot on the soil of California, he was great when he controlled the

finances of the States of California and Nevada, he was great at the zenith of his popularity and successful management, he was great in his life, he was great in his death—in his awful tragical death. * * * * *

“Each moment spread the fearful certainty, and before the sun went down on that black Friday night, a brokenh-earted city mourned the death of its best friend, and noble benefactor. Yes, he was gone. Dead, and gone forever. Men with pale faces, faces written all over with grief and horror, gathered around in little groups, or walked silently about, that awful night, speaking in whispers one to the other, asking the solemn question, but getting no reply,—‘Who shall take his place?’ The busy voice of trade was hushed in the thoroughfares. There were rumors of new tragedies in different portions of the city. Men feared the dawning of the day. There were murmurs of vengeance,—low, muttered threats of violence. There were troops under arms all night long, not knowing what moment a spark would ignite the combustible elements in the heart and soul of a people whose wrath, like the delegated wrath of God, has before this shaken nations to the center, desolated cities, and made their streets splash and bubble with torrents of human blood. The night my friends, passed silently away, and the morning broke upon this city, bowed down with grief and saturated with despair. * * *

“Having most falsely and foully misrepresented the condition of the affairs of the Bank of California, they stabbed this state to the very heart; they have impeached our credit at home and abroad, from center to circumference they have arrested the progress of manufactures; they have taken necessary capital out of circulation; they have impaired the safety and value of our securities; they have labored to disgrace

us throughout the world, in every nation, Christian and Pagan, in every land with which the American Republic holds commercial relations to-day. We have only to refer, my friends, for a moment to the advertisements of the Bank of California, second only in importance to the Bank of England. We see at a glance how extensive and numerous were its ramifications; in how many commercial centers of the globe it engaged the confidence and respect of trade and commerce. Letters of credit issued, and available for the purchase of merchandise, throughout the United States, Europe, India, China, Japan and Australia. It drew direct on London, Dublin, Paris, St. Petersburg, Amsterdam, Antwerp, Hamburg, Bremen, Leipzig, Vienna, Stockholm, Christiania.

“The agent of the Associated Press in the City of New York, in league with and inspired by the hate and malice of his partners in San Francisco, charged the lightning to convey the history of our disasters to the farthest parts of the earth, and to hold up to the execration of the world the rotten condition of the financial structure of California. A shameless repudiation of all our sacred obligations—of the state debt—would have done us infinitely less harm than the agent of the Associated Press did when he called the cable into service, and made the lightning his messenger to convey the false story of financial ruin having fallen upon the State of California. I tell you, I solemnly believe that it will require twenty years or more to remedy the evil which they have done, and to restore California to the confidence of the world—to place her where she stood New Year’s morning, 1875. For weeks and months preceding the death of Ralston, the great banker—our benefactor and friend—there rained without intermission upon his devoted head, torrents of

abuse—a deluge of the most abominable lies—from two of the leading papers in the City of San Francisco. By night and by day, on week days, and on Sundays, they held him up to public execration as the most conspicuous and malignant conspirator against the true interests and welfare of the city of San Francisco—a city which owes its present position and its magnificent progress, more to William C. Ralston than to any other man, living or dead, in California to-day. The City of San Francisco is Mr. Ralston's monument. Nothing but the hand of God moving in the earthquake shall hurl that monument into ruins. It will live and grow to scourge and burn the conscience of his traducers who had the heart, but not the courage of the assassin.” * * * * *

All the speakers urged the vast audience to resort to no act of violence. Resolutions expressive of the universal esteem in which Ralston was held and condemning the Bulletin and Call, controlled by G. K. Fitch and Loring Pickering and the Associated Press, of which the following is a type, were adopted:

“Resolved, That the course of the agent of the Associated Press in forwarding the slanderous attacks on the late Mr. Ralston, and in sending as facts the worst street rumors concerning the solvency of the bank, and the character of Mr. Ralston, has been outrageously unjust to the people and interests of this coast; that the use of the Associated Press dispatches exclusively in the partisan support of the Evening Bulletin and Morning Call, in the dissemination of these slanders, deserves public rebuke; and that J. W. Simonton, one of the proprietors of those two papers,

who is also the manager of the New York Associated Press, is directly chargeable with this prostitution of journalism."

Testimonials of respect for the life and memory of W. C. Ralston were adopted by all the leading associations of San Francisco, which with the proceedings of the monster meeting were spread broadcast wherever the lightnings touched the marts of trade and the hives of industry, which silenced his enemies and placed his character in its true light—that of an honorable, high-minded man of affairs, whose services were written in the progress of the state and city.

For ten days or two weeks after the death of Ralston and the suspension of the Bank of California, all business was practically suspended, until the bankers could receive from the East supplies of gold demanded by the normal conditions of trade. It was said that the Directors of the Bank of California had passed a resolution throwing that institution into liquidation, which, reaching the ears of a prominent lawyer, a friend who felt great injustice had been done Ralston, sent word to the Trustees that before taking such precipitate action, he would like to confer with them, as he could give them information it was important they should know.

The meeting was arranged. The lawyer on being informed that the resolution had been adopted as reported, inquired as to the solvency of the bank and was informed that the depositors would be paid, but that the stockholders would lose heavily.

"How long has the bank been insolvent?"

"Four or five months."

"You have been during that time declaring the usual monthly dividends of one per cent on your capital stock, have you not?"

"Yes."

"Well, gentlemen, if you decide to go into liquidation, I will advertise for every share of stock I can in the bank and proceed against each one of you criminally, for there is a statute in this State that makes it a felony for the trustees or directors of any corporation to declare unearned dividends."

This was indeed information to the Board. They sent for Sam Wilson, the attorney of the bank, and told him the threat made. Wilson said he knew of no such statute, but would investigate and let them know latter. He did so, and reported that such a law had been passed at the last Legislative Session.

The resolution was rescinded, a patriotic wave swept over the rich directors. The daily press in many editorials advocated the rehabilitation of the bank. It was declared that to allow the Bank of California to go out of business, an institution that had so long been so closely identified with the prosperity of the state, would be a lasting reproach upon the citizenship, all of which found a lively response among the people most affected, with the result that the depositors agreed to accept term payments, a large guarantee fund was created sufficient to protect every creditor against loss, and to restore the value of the stock to

par. When these preliminaries were arranged, the bank resumed business and is, to-day, the leading financial institution of San Francisco.

It was claimed that the lawyer responsible for all this was a debtor to the bank in a large sum and when requested to liquidate, refused, saying the bank justly owed him a much greater sum for keeping their millionaire directors out of the state's prison.

CHAPTER XIII

James R. Keene came to San Francisco a poor man, from Shasta County. I have been told that during the war he edited a Democratic paper in Shasta County. He began operating in stocks as a curbstone broker, and by the mere force of his genius, was soon one of the controlling powers of the mining board. He amassed a fortune of about \$8,000,000 and transferred his business to New York about the year 1876.

He was quick, active, energetic, full of force and never plunged unless he thoroughly understood the route he was going to take.

His last fight upon the Board in San Francisco was against the Bonanza crowd, that is, Mackay, Flood, O'Brien and Fair, when he broke the stock of "Consolidated Virginia" and "California" from about \$300 to \$60.

Keene is well known in New York. He has at times faced heavy losses, but always with calmness. He seems to enjoy the game of "bulling and bearing" stocks, and on Wall Street is, and has been a factor to be considered, whenever interested in any deal. He is now past seventy years of age, but his recent fight against the Harriman crowd for the control of the Southern Pacific, proves him to be as unyielding and combative as when thirty years ago he fought

the Bonanza crowd on the stock board of San Francisco.

High spirited and courageous, he never knows defeat, but when worsted, gathers his forces and renews the fight.

He is the incarnation of speculation, and the best stock manipulator on the continent.

The late John William Mackay was one of the strongest figures that ever appeared in California. It was said that he was born in Dublin in 1831, and was a descendant of that Highland Mackay Clan whose chieftain went down in the battle of Flodden.

He reached the Golden State some time after the Argonauts appeared in 1849. He at once entered the mining struggle in which all were engaged, lost and won, then drifted to Virginia City about 1860. The ups and downs of life had made him brave, courageous and persistent, undaunted in misfortune, prudent in success.

About 1875 he held the position, unchallenged, of "The Great Bonanza King." And even upon this pedestal he bore himself with that modesty which adorned his life.

John W. Mackay, James G. Fair, James O'Brien and James G. Flood were partners in the company controlling the "Consolidated Virginia" and "California" mines. They bought the ground and at a depth of twelve hundred feet uncovered a body of ore that yielded a gross return of about \$200,000,000, the dividends amounting to \$80,000,000.

This company was a strong combination.

Flood managed the financial part of the business in San Francisco, the selling, buying and general manipulation of stock.

Fair had charge of all the underground work and the reduction of the ores.

James O'Brien was the "good fellow," running with the boys, drinking good brandy and giving them "pointers."

John W. Mackay, who organized this company, was the chief counsellor and advisor, the final arbiter in all matters of importance. He was the executive manager. The one who, with keen foresight, made the plans, and he more than any in the firm, brought the brilliant success which made all his associates multi-millionaires.

He returned from the Comstock with a fortune variously estimated at from \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000.

His life afterwards showed him to be a man capable of large undertakings and at the same time he has never lost his sympathy with those less fortunate in the race for wealth. To the few of his friends who were alive up to the period of his death, he was still the same John Mackay of the earlier days on the Comstock, when he carried his dinner pail to his daily labor. And no one conversant with his life, filled with noble and generous deeds, for a moment could envy him the proud position he achieved in the financial world.

Mackay was in no sense a gambler, but rather a developer of industrial enterprises.

To his initiative and that of James Gordon Bennett,



SENATOR GEORGE HEARST, A GREAT
MINER.—*Page 215.*

the commercial world owes much in establishing a rival Atlantic Cable and breaking up what threatened to be a dangerous monopoly.

Mrs. Mackay's first husband was Dr. Bryant, a young man of fine attainments as a physician, who lived in Downieville, California and died about the year 1861. His widow being poor, joined the great rush to Virginia City, where for a time she taught school. She finally married John W. Mackay. Everyone knows of her triumphs in the European social world, where she has shone brilliantly in the American Colony of Paris for the last twenty years. Her purse was always open to those who aided and befriended her in the days of her poverty.

James G. Fair was a miner and a good one. In point of cunning and shrewdness the fox could not out-rival him.

Once in exploiting some mine, I think it was the "Moscow," which was off the main vein of the Comstock, "Jimmie" met the superintendent of the mine one day, on the street. "Do you know a first-class man," asked the superintendent, "to run a diamond drill?"

"Yes," replied "Jimmie," in his drawling way, "I know one but he is an awful rascal, one of the biggest scoundrels I ever met."

The superintendent assured him it was not a question of character but of skill in running a diamond drill, and asked Fair to send the man to him.

"Oh no," said "Jimmie," "I—I wont speak to him, he is such a scoundrel."

"Can you tell me where he lives?" the superintendent asked.

"No," was the reply, but sonney, I will try and find out for you."

The matter dropped for three or four days. Then the superintendent met Fair and asked him if he had found where the man lived.

"N-no," slowly said Fair, "I ain't heard of him—he is such a scoundrel."

"I do not care what he is," again reiterated the superintendent, "I want him for the work."

"Well, well," Fair hesitatingly said, looking across the street, "there he is, you go and talk to him. He is such a rascal. But he can run a diamond drill."

The superintendent engaged the man, the diamond drill was set in motion. Drillings were found to rise in value every day, by the superintendent's assays. "Moscow" stock began to appreciate and was in much demand.

"Well—well," says "Uncle Jimmie," "they do seem to want my 'Moscow' stock. I reckon I will let them have it."

And he did, at a good price.

Mr. Fair had a servant girl who had earned a considerable amount in wages. She was taken with the speculative fever, so common among all classes of people in California, at that time. She went to "Uncle Jimmie" and solicited points.

"Well well," said he, "so you want to speculate? Don't do it. You know, my girl, you might lose your money. It is a dangerous game."

"But," said the girl, "everybody is making money. I have \$400 and I want to invest."

Fair would not listen to her then, but after much urging he finally yielded and said:

"You must not tell anybody living what I am advising you to do."

"Oh no, Mr. Fair, I wont," replied the unsophisticated maid.

"Well, well, I believe you wont," said Fair, hesitatingly, and looking in her face. "Go and buy 'Ophir.'"

The girl explained that she did not know how to buy, and handed her money over to Fair, \$400.

As soon as the evening meal was over the servant girl, in her best dress, strolled over to Mrs. O'Sullivan's, Miss Finnigan's and the others of her set, and confidentially gave away the information that Mr. Fair had given her on the matter of "Ophir," and that "Uncle Jimmie" had told her that "Ophir" was going up.

All the Irish in Virginia City and the Catholics in general began to buy "Ophir" stock.

It is supposed that "Uncle Jimmie" had sold it "short." In a few weeks "Ophir" began to slump. It went down, down, as rapidly as it had gone up.

The servant girl went to her employer in much trepidation, and said:

"Mr. Fair, I suppose I have lost my money."

"Lost your money!" echoed Fair, apparently surprised.

"Yes," moaned the girl, "you told me to buy 'Ophir,' and I gave you my money to invest in it."

"Well, well," replied "Foxy Grandpa," "buy 'Ophir'—perhaps I did, Mary. I had forgotten all about it. Here is your money, Mary, and take my advice and don't buy any stocks. What you should do is to get you a big Mick to protect you."

Many stories are told of Fair, illustrating his shrewdness and his keen sense of humor.

He found once a youngster on the mine not more than twenty years old.

"Well, sonney," said he, "so you came all the way from New York here, all the way?"

The boy answered in the affirmative.

"Well, well, I declare," soliloquized Fair, "and you were not afraid of Injuns, and you had no fear of getting lost, or being stolen an' tortured, an' an'—"

"Confound you," yelled the youngster, "I know what I am doing, if I ain't more than twenty."

"Well, sonney," apologetically continued Fair, "I didn't mean to insult you. Give me your hand. I like you."

And the young man was promoted.

A crowd of eastern people visited the Comstock. They wanted to go into the mine. When there, they met Fair, mistaking him for the overseer. He showed them through. As if they were being attended by an eastern waiter, they handed him a \$5 note as they

passed out. Fair as gravely took it and put it in his pocket.

He would go down in the mine where smoking was strictly prohibited, on account of danger from fires or explosions.

"Well, sonney," he would say to one, "ain't you got a pipe? I feel like taking a smoke."

The unsuspecting miner produced his pipe. Fair would smoke a few seconds, then go to the surface and hunt up the superintendent and say:

"Discharge that man on the west drift, I got his pipe and it was hot."

On another occasion he said to another:

"Do you think this ore will go thirty ounces to the ton?"

"Oh, more than that, Mr. Fair," returned the man, "it will go sixty ounces, sure."

"Well, well, I declare! You don't say so!" was the comment of Mr. Fair.

Immediately the superintendent received instructions to discharge the man.

"He knows too much," the reason given.

A few days after, Fair met the man who had been discharged.

"Well, sonney, how about that ore?"

"I don't know anything about that ore. I have been discharged," was the curt reply.

"Discharged!" echoed Foxy Fair, "well, well, I declare! that cuss is all the time gettin' rid of my best men."

By and by the workmen all understood his way and not a soul knew anything.

This Bonanza firm in 1874 established the Nevada bank in San Francisco, with a capital of \$5,000,000, before the bonanzas of the "Consolidated Virginia" and "California" were worked out. Some time about the year '77, Fair, owing to some disagreement with Mackay and Flood, retired from the firm.

Mackay became heavily interested in the Postal Telegraph Company. The war clouds began to gather in Europe and a struggle between Germany and France seemed certain. The Nevada bank bought up most of the wheat in the state at fancy figures, thereby sustaining a heavy loss. Mackay came to San Francisco and was straining every nerve to save his bank. Meeting Fair on the street, "Uncle Jimmie" asked if the Nevada bank was in trouble. Mackay replied that it was, that his money was so tied up that he could not relieve it, and unless relieved it would have to close its doors.

"I do not care for my own investment," said Mackay, "but cannot bear the idea of the laboring men and others, among our depositors, losing their money."

"How much do you require?" asked Fair.

"Three millions," was the reply.

"I will let you have it," volunteered Fair.

"On what security?"

"No security from you. Your note is sufficient."

"Uncle Jimmie" advanced the money, saved the bank and rescued his old friend, comrade and partner

from great pecuniary loss and a world of trouble and humiliation, which showed Fair in the general and final analysis to be a generous hearted and magnanimous man.

I first became acquainted with George Hearst ex-United States Senator, from California, and father of William Randolph Hearst of world wide newspaper fame, when he was elected to the legislature of California from San Francisco, in 1865. A few years later, I think about 1870, he became prominent in a suit against the Raymond & Ely mine, of Pioche, Nevada, known as the *Hermes vs. The Raymond & Ely*. Mr. Hearst lost his suit and with it his accumulations.

Prior to this he had married a most estimable lady, from Missouri, who was, I have been told, a school teacher. From 1870 to 1872 he was financially embarrassed and, had his creditors pressed him, would have been insolvent to the amount of several hundred thousands of dollars. But the energy of the man was never more conspicuously displayed than when the tide of fortune was against him.

J. B. Haggin was his friend. Believing in his judgment as a miner and his integrity as a man, and thoroughly realizing that he was incapable of betraying a trust, he backed him, cautiously at first, in his mining operations. He put up all the money and gave George Hearst one-third of the profits. His first successful operation was the purchase of the "Ontario" mine in Utah. A mining prospect for which they paid

\$45,000, carrying a tenth for R. C. Chambers, who had brought the property to their attention. When the mine was sufficiently exploited Haggin sold a half interest in New York for \$1,000,000, which placed George Hearst on his feet. The mine has since declared dividends of about \$12,000,000.

R. C. Chambers out of his tenth interest became a millionaire, and died recently in San Francisco.

Hearst next acquired the "Sheep's Head" gold mine in California, and the "Juacaschuta," in Sonora, Mexico. He rapidly acquired other mines and made several millions out of them.

The "Homestake" mine in South Dakota was brought to San Francisco by John Sevenoakes, who was well known in mining circles on the Pacific coast, in the beginning of 1874. My brother, W. A. Farish, was sent out by a syndicate of San Francisco, to examine and report on it. He recommended the purchase and it was bought for \$80,000. Haggin and Hearst secured a one-third interest. But a short time elapsed before they owned the whole property, and also purchased all the valuable properties in the entire district. This has proved one of the richest mines ever uncovered in the history of the precious metals.

The next successful venture of George Hearst was the purchase of the "Anaconda" mine in Butte, Montana. This was bought as a silver mine. After prospecting it to a depth of 400 feet a large body of very rich copper ore, carrying silver and gold, was disclosed. The ledge, which was from 15 to 20 feet

on the surface, by the displacement of the walls was 100 feet wide where the copper was encountered. Having been leached above, the copper was precipitated at this point and formed a zone of enrichment which has never been excelled in the history of copper mining. The ore averaged about 50 per cent copper, besides gold and silver. Messrs. Haggin & Hearst developed it thoroughly before putting up machinery. I have been told that their investment amounted to between \$4,000,000, and \$5,000,000 before they shipped any copper or copper ore. This mine has been famous for more than twenty years as one of the largest producers in the West, and is at present controlled by the Amalgamated Copper Co.

George Hearst and J. B. Haggin, known as the firm of Hearst & Haggin, were in no sense gamblers in mining stocks. Hearst, whose life had been, to a great extent spent under ground, whose experience had been gathered in the hard school of toil and observation, was one of the best judges of an undeveloped mine I have ever known. He established a reputation among mining men for honesty and fair dealing that was wealth to the firm, more than could be estimated. Every prospector or miner brought property to their attention. If upon examination it looked well they took hold of it. If he found the miner or prospector presenting the property for examination to be competent and reliable, he was placed in charge as superintendent at a good salary. When the prospect was opened to a point where it required machinery,

Hearst would go and examine it personally. If everything was satisfactory he would tell Haggin to honor the superintendent's draft for whatever was required.

When the mine was placed upon a paying basis it was incorporated, one tenth of the stock was held for the superintendent, which he could dispose of as he saw fit, only paying them his proportionate part of the cost at small interest. They would sell enough stock to reimburse themselves for the work done, still retaining control.

Their reputation as mining men was so well established in New York that whenever any of their property was laid before the investing public, whatever they had to sell would be sold within a week. For it was a well-established fact that George Hearst never sold "gold bricks," but always gold bars. Their success was wonderful.

George Hearst died, and, dating his accumulations from his first strike in the "Ontario," he left a fortune variously estimated at from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000, acquired in about fifteen years. His estate has probably doubled since.

No old Californian, nor, in fact, any right-minded man, for a moment begrudged him his good fortune. To all who knew him he was to the end of his life plain George Hearst, not rich in scholarly lore, but wise in worldly wisdom, bold in his enterprises, simple in his manner, honest in his dealing with his fellow-man.

His word could always be depended on; it was absolutely sacred, no matter if millions were involved. He

never sought aggrandisement at the expense of friendship, and those who stood by him in the hour of his adversity were richly rewarded when change of fortune came to him.

Through the untiring energy and indomitable will of the man his wealth was created, and he is recognized to-day as having been one of the best miners and practical engineers the Western Continent has produced.

Among the prominent families in southern California, none obtained greater recognition than that of John Bradbury. He was a native of Maine and came West at the time of the Mexican war, and finally found his way into California as one of the early pioneers. From there he drifted into the State of Sinaloa, in the Republic of Mexico, where he used the knowledge he had gained in California in prospecting for mines. Among the properties he investigated was the old Mina del Tajo, situated at the little town of Rosario, about forty miles south of Mazatlan. This property had been worked in ancient times and its history extended back into the period of tradition, but at the time of the Revolt against the Spanish rule and the expulsion of the Spaniards the mine was closed, and had been abandoned till Bradbury appeared upon the scene. I think it was in 1852 that he obtained possession of the property and returned to California and enlisted a few of his San Francisco friends in a company to operate it. The working capital was exhausted and enough vicissitudes were encountered to discourage an ordinary man, but Bradbury stuck to the property and a few years later was

rewarded by the discovery of the lost shoot of ore. From that time to the present the property has been profitably worked,—a period of upwards of fifty years,—and has yielded a constant revenue to his heirs and descendants.

A residence in Mexico covering this period could not fail to be fruitful of many adventures, one of which is particularly worthy of note as showing the character of Bradbury. Wars, revolutions and rebellions fill a large part of the history of Mexico until 1880. At one time the war would be between one set of political aspirants and at another period between a different set. During one of these revolutions the present President of the Republic, Porfirio Diaz, was a fugitive from his fellow countrymen, Juarez and Gonzales. His followers were dispersed and he himself reached Bradbury's hacienda in a sad plight. Many of his friends in the State of Sinaloa were also fugitives. In this condition, Diaz appealed to Bradbury, with the result that he was hidden in the mine for quite a period. His followers were secreted by Bradbury within the walls of the hacienda, above which he raised the American flag, and this gave the hunted Mexicans the protection of the stars and stripes. Among those who took refuge was a young Mexican lady, who attracted the attention of Bradbury and who later became his wife.

Diaz never forgot his debt of gratitude to Bradbury and whenever any of his relatives visit the capital of the Mexican Republic they are made welcome in the family circle of the President.

CHAPTER XIV

In the year 1871 San Francisco was honored by the presence of two men named Arnold and Slack, who had made a trip over-land from Arizona.

On their way they had discovered some quartz crystals and a species of garnets, the former greatly resembling diamonds and the latter Oriental rubies.

When they arrived in that city they exhibited them to George D. Roberts, requesting him to have them tested. Roberts, not being an expert in precious stones, advised them to take them to a party named Tucker, at that time a prominent jeweler on Montgomery Street. Tucker referred them to a French lapidary, stating that he would be able to afford them all the information they required. The lapidary, to their great chagrin and disappointment, instantly stated that the stones were of no value.

This was a heavy blow to their great hopes and expectations, for they had cherished the idea that they had made a rich discovery.

Then Arnold and Slack conceived the idea of putting into execution "The Great Diamond Swindle."

In order to carry out their plans it was necessary that they should have some genuine diamonds.

The next thing was how to procure them.

It is not definitely known how they became possessed of the first half dozen, the general impression being that they obtained them through a party by the name of Cooper, who was connected with a diamond drill company.

After they had obtained these first diamond stones the next thought was, who would be the best subject to operate on. George D. Roberts, of all men in San Francisco, was the most available for their purpose. They felt assured that he would not suspect them of attempting to deceive him, being a Southern man himself and of the same political creed as themselves (secessionists) known as a sharp, shrewd business man, and standing well in the community. They knowing this fact, and he secured, they could easily reach all the monied channels of San Francisco.

They proceeded back again to Roberts, and exhibited the real diamonds they had obtained together with the crystals, and informed him that they could not find any party to give them reliable information regarding these stones, but wished him to send them East and have them tested at their own expense.

He did so.

Arnold and Slack had not at this time any occupation, but were waiting in the interval the results of the examination, when in due season the stones were returned to Roberts (cut) and a certain number of them marked by the diamond operator "Genuine" also one weighing a carat, and of very fine quality.

This result excited Roberts to such a pitch that he sent for Arnold and Slack to come to his office, and without telling them the results of the examination proceeded to question them as to the whereabouts of the place they had discovered the stones.

They replied that they had obtained them from an Indian, and that the Indian had taken them to the spot from whence he had gotten them, and, describing the formation, said that the surface of the ground had been raised up by the ants, but they, not knowing their value, brought them to him that he might have them tested. Roberts on hearing this information, feared that the Indian would pilot some other man to the diamond mines, but Arnold satisfied him on this head most thoroughly by saying that *dead* Indians never told tales.

Up to this point the diamond discovery was no secret. A great many people were cognizant of its existence.

Roberts now instructed Arnold and Slack to tell every one the stones they had sent East had been returned and found to be of no value. The next thing was to fit Arnold and Slack out for them to return to the ground from whence the valuables had been obtained.

About six months previous to this Roberts had purchased some mining property from Arnold, the price being \$25,000. He paid \$5,000 down and gave his note for the balance. At this juncture and on the eve of their departure for the diamond mines Arnold

informed Roberts that they must have the money for his note (\$20,000) before leaving.

The next morning Arnold's wife who was then living in the city, presented herself in Robert's office in a state of great excitement, and told Roberts that Arnold was going off on some wild goose chase, and for him not to pay the money, as it belonged to her. Arnold and his wife apparently quarrelled for three or four days in the most violent manner, finally ending their difficulties by agreeing to separate. Arnold agreeing that if she would leave and never come near him again she might have the \$20,000.

Roberts during this time had been endeavoring to secure harmony and peace between them, but finding this impossible, he paid over the money to her, and she left for parts unknown to him.

All this quarrel had been arranged before, between Arnold and his wife, to deceive Roberts, and to make him believe that he had no money to purchase diamonds when the time should come to procure them in quantity, on Arnold's return from a second trip to the diamond fields, and with a purpose always in view, Roberts fitted Arnold and Slack with animals, guns and provisions for a three month's expedition to this new discovery.

At this time Harpending, a friend of Roberts, was in London, and Roberts wrote him informing him of this great diamond discovery, and in due season received a reply from Harpending stating that he did not believe a word of it, and that Slack and Arnold could

not be relied upon for any statement as to these great findings of diamonds.

Roberts now waited with great impatience and intense anxiety for the return of these diamond seekers.

Where Arnold and Slack spent the three months they were absent is not definitely known, all traces of them being clothed in mystery, the only known facts being that Arnold had friends in St. Louis and joined his wife there. Little doubt exists, however, that he went to London and purchased the genuine stones.

At the expiration of three months Roberts had the satisfaction of beholding the faces of these two great explorers, but in the most pitiable, woe-begone and desolate condition, ragged, dirty and miserable.

They told Roberts a most heart-rending story of the many hardships they had endured, how the Apache Indians had taken capture of them when near the diamond fields, how they had taken from them all they possessed, finally, that they had hardly escaped with their lives arriving at the mines in the most destitute condition, with provisions, animals and everything all gone.

That in this sad plight they had only remained at the mines two days, having no tools to work with, all that was left them was a piece of an old shovel, with which they plied, digging most vigorously. They however exhibited a buckskin bag, or purse, well filled with diamonds of all sizes and forms, and also a large collection of rubies, stating that they were the product of two days labor.

The diamonds were evidently purchased from some dealer who sold them as refuse stones, but Roberts, not being an expert, and being all unsuspecting of his "friends," supposed that they were of the finest quality, and worth, at least \$100,000, and with this idea of their value he was satisfied with the great, good-fortune that had fallen to his lot.

He immediately sent these stones to the East to a prominent and well-known diamond merchant to be tested.

They were returned pronounced genuine, and the value estimated at \$120,000, and great was Robert's joy at his good fortune.

Roberts then went to New York and made a conditional sale of one fourth interest of these mines to Tiffany & Company, the leading fashionable jeweler of that city, for \$250,000, with the proviso, that an examination should be made by a New York man of their own selection, and to be sent by them for that purpose.

Slack objected to this sale, stating that there was no law then in existence by which these lands could be located and held, and that Tiffany or any other party might go on this ground and obtain as many rights as they possessed, and that no man should ever know their position until he was paid \$100,000, stating that this amount was all that he would ever need during his life.

Arnold, to all appearance was quarreling with Slack and trying by every means in his power to get Slack

to acquiesce in this arrangement with Tiffany. Slack, however, held out firmly to the last. Arnold then said that not one dollar less than \$500,000, would purchase his interest.

During this period Harpending had returned from England and became a firm believer in the great diamond discovery.

He immediately placed the matter before his friend, W. M. Lent, for the purpose of procuring the money to buy out Slack. Now Lent was just the man to put his money in a "dead sure thing," so Lent said that if Slack and Arnold would put into his hands the sack of diamonds and rubies as a guarantee that the mines would prove of the character represented by them he would furnish the cash required.

To this Slack agreed and Lent paid \$100,000 in gold coin. Lent placed the sack containing the diamonds in Harpending's safe, at his private residence, for safe keeping. The principal owners of these precious stones made it their business, and it was doubtless a great pleasure also, to assemble in the billiard room in Harpending's house with closed doors, every Sunday, where they would empty the diamonds from the sack on the billiard table and speculate on the value of each particular stone, descanting upon the size, beauty, brilliancy and value of each one. The only fear being that a great depreciation of their values and of all diamonds might take place when the contents of this sack and the fact that the great find of precious stones was given to the world.

But Tiffany soon allayed their fears on this score by stating that they would have to produce \$1,000,000,-000, worth of these gems before they could possibly decline much in value.

This quieted their fears and perturbations for the moment. There was no law at that time in existence by which these diamond mines could be located and held, so the next important thing to be done was to get a bill through Congress as soon as it should be in session in Washington by which a title could be acquired to these lands. Immediately a prominent lobbyist was selected to engineer and pass an act to cover the grounds on which this wonderful discovery had been made. They well knew the party selected would not hesitate or stand aghast, if called upon to deal out a little of this diamond company's stock to any pliable member of Congress that would aid in passing a bill of so much seeming importance to their interests.

After considerable delay, and with great difficulty a bill was passed known as the "Sargent's Mining Bill," and appeared May 10th, 1872, in which the following language is inserted, purposely to cover the ground of this discovery of precious stones:

"Including all forms of deposits except veins of quartz or other rock then in place."

During the time this bill was in progress for passage, Harpending and Lent had gone to Europe.

Up to this time Arnold and Slack had not located any diamond mines, except in their imagination, but found

themselves possessing \$100,000, paid to them by Lent.

With abundance of leisure and money to obtain a fresh supply of stones and locate a spot to deposit them in, Arnold went to London, by way of Montreal and purchased a quantity of diamonds and also a bag of diamond dust for the purpose of salting the ground which might afterwards be selected preparatory to the final examination which would be made by the expert approved for that purpose by the parties interested.

Arnold arrived from England with his purchases, diamonds and dust. Joining Slack they immediately proceeded together to locate a spot corresponding as nearly as possible with the one described by them to Roberts and others possessing the formation as stated, and proceeded to do the amount of work as near as possible, as they had represented as already done, sowing their diamonds and dust to the very best advantage.

So ingeniously was this work performed that when the parties came to examine the ground they found that it contained microscopic stones. This one thing deceived Jannin more than any other.

Jannin's only trouble was that he over-estimated his own knowledge and under-estimated the parties he was dealing with.

After this was all completed, Arnold and Slack had only to wait until the parties interested were ready for the examination. After the bill passed Congress, by which these lands were to be located and secured,

Harpending and Lent returned from Europe, and met Arnold and Jannin, the expert decided upon in New York.

All proceeded to the point designated, for the diamond mines, to make the examination.

At the expiration of three days Jannin was entirely satisfied with the value of the mines and decided it a valuable property.

In his opinion it was all it was represented to be.

They then returned to the railway station, and telegraphed to Roberts, in San Francisco that "it was all right," and returned to New York.

Previous to this trip, Harpending, Lent and Jannin proceeded to make a final examination.

When in New York they arranged with Tiffany and Company, and Barlow to incorporate a company to raise the money to buy out Arnold's interest, paying him \$500,000. Up to this time the public in San Francisco had no knowledge of this diamond mine being in existence. As soon as Jannin's report was written, it was immediately telegraphed in full from New York to California.

The moment it appeared in the newspapers it created the most intense excitement, Jannin being a man above all suspicion with the monied interest of San Francisco.

Parties in New York had now gone so far as to issue circular letters preparatory to opening books for subscriptions for this stock.

Wm. C. Ralston had been previously apprised of the great diamond find, but up to this moment had most strenuously declined to take any part in it. After reading Jannin's report and seeing the great excitement caused by it among the people, he evidently made up his mind that there could be no mistake about this discovery of diamonds. Seeing the people forwarding their money from San Francisco to New York to purchase this stock, with his usual perception and having an eye to business, he telegraphed the parties in New York, that if they could bring the corporation to San Francisco he would aid them to raise the money to pay off Arnold.

This proposition was immediately accepted. They all returned to California and incorporated their company under the laws of that state. Messrs. Ralston, Latham and other capitalists contributed \$500,000, less \$75,000, previously taken and telegraphed for from New York, and forming part of the purchase money to be paid to Arnold, and as soon as this man received the amount agreed upon he immediately took his departure with his companion and partner, Slack, to Kentucky, from whence they originally came to California.

The public, during all this time continued greatly excited, waiting only to invest in this great new enterprise. All the parties interested with the exception of Ralston, were in favor of disposing of one-half of the capital stock at \$40.00 per share, which they were

ready and willing and anxious to take at that price. This would have amounted to \$2,000,000, the capital agreed upon being \$10,000,000.

Wm. Ralston objected to any portion being placed with the public until these supposed diamond mines should produce something that proved they had a value and actual existence.

The newspapers of both countries severely censured Mr. Ralston, for permitting his name to be used with such a wild scheme and fraud, whereas he, and he alone, prevented the whole community from being swindled.

The exposure of this prodigious swindle by Clarence King and others is now too well known to require any comment here.

After it had been proved to be one of the swindles of the vilest character, Messrs. Ralston and others paid back the money to the various friends that they had advised to purchase shares, Mr. Ralston being a loser by this investment to the amount of \$225,000 of his own money.

There is one thing connected with this swindle which still remains a mystery.

How men like Tiffany of New York, and Jannin of San Francisco could possibly have been so greatly deceived with regard to the value of these stones. With Lent and others it is quite easy to imagine how these diamonds could be magnified to the vision, being owners and not experts in precious stones, but Mr. Tiffany was very differently placed, he being a diamond merchant contemplating the purchase of a supposed

existing mine, consequently looked up to be to others, as a party fully competent to judge of the value, having the most valuable establishment in New York, London and Paris, and daily and hourly dealing in these very gems of which they were asked to fix the value of.

Mr. Jannin held equally as high a position as a geologist in California as Mr. Tiffany had in England and America as a diamond dealer. Jannin was a man of acknowledged ability, a geologist from the earliest days of his education, schooled in the great academy of Freiberg, Germany, and thus called upon to decide on the value of property where there were millions of dollars at stake.

Can any person believe that these two great adepts in diamond value and geological formation could be so deceived?

It appears they valued these gems at \$100,000, but when the scales were removed from their eyes, the fraud discovered and disclosed, they found them to be worth only \$8,000, as previously stated, being nothing but diamonds imperfect in form, poor in quality, and lacking in brilliancy.

Any person knowing Mr. Jannin, his private character, and honorable standing in his profession, will not believe for one moment that he ever intended anything wrong in making the report. He was a gentleman well connected, coming from the best of families, without a stain on his name or reputation during his long and successful business career as a mining expert. All these circumstances combined, sufficiently attest that he had

been the victim of the two artful and designing scamps.

Then, how can the public and world at large, wonder or be surprised, that such well-known business men as Ralston, Latham and others should have been induced to invest in this speculation, endorsed and certified to, as it was, by a gentleman holding the position of a diamond merchant, in the greatest cities of America, England and France, as Mr. Tiffany did?

With all these facts placed clearly before the world, little now remains to be written with regard to the other parties mentioned, except to say that it is impossible for anyone thoroughly acquainted with all the circumstances connected with this fraud to believe that for a moment any other persons than Arnold and Slack, and they alone, conceived and arranged this swindle for the public and their own profit.

The worst that can be laid to the charge of the others is that they suffered themselves to be duped and made the victims of misplaced confidence by two unscrupulous villains.

Yet, many may think, and doubtless do, that there was some master mind behind Messrs. Arnold and Slack, furnishing money and brains to carry out this well-devised plot.

How they obtained funds has been explained before, the truth of which I shall not attempt to refute, and as for the brains, those only acquainted with Mr. Arnold can knowingly judge. A man possessing very little education, he was easily under-estimated by those having transactions with him. A person of quick perceptions,

possessing a well-balanced head, with an enormous brain, a general manner well calculated to deceive and impose upon the most shrewd in the ordinary business dealings of daily life.

He had been a bushwhacker, during the Rebellion, connected with mining as prospector and explorer, and was up to all the tricks of mining sharpers. It is to this class of men that nearly all the great mining swindles in America and England are traceable.

Many of them have had a long experience as practical miners, and are consequently the best judges of such property and know where it is to be found.

Failing "to make a raise," as they term it, they become desperate and spend their time between gambling and robbing the Wells, Fargo Express. Salting and preparing mines they manage in various ways to deceive the experts and thus get good reports on worthless property. From some of these reports, some of the very best men in America have been innocently led into the most outrageous swindles, appearing in a truly ridiculous light when the fraud was discovered.

This "Great Diamond Swindle," the truth of which cannot be denied, only exhibits how other plots of similar nature have been carried out.

The secret history of many similar schemes could and will yet be written and given to the world.

CHAPTER XV

Any one conversant with the progress of mining for the last forty years, the improvement in machinery, in the methods of reducing the ores, must admit that in no other branch of industry has evolution and revolution been more complete. From the crude methods adopted in California during the fifties, of extracting ore from quartz by the old arrastres of the most primitive type, whose greatest capacity was a ton a day, we now have stamp-mills which reduce from four to six tons to the stamp. From a saving in the commencement from free oxidized ores of fifty to sixty per cent of their assay value, the saving runs now from ninety to ninety-five per cent. The old "Fruevana" concentrators adopted on the Comstock and afterwards very much improved, have been replaced by the Wilfley improved Fruevana's and other tables, in the reduction of some ores, and now through concentration nearly all the values not obtained in the stamp mills are saved.

In many of the largest mines in California the tailings after leaving the mill ran through arrastres. With no attempt to further treat them, they were swept away and lost. There has been a corresponding reduction in cost of reducing silver ores.

In mining machinery the change has been as great.

Hoists, capable of going to a depth of 4,000 feet and back again, in less than two minutes, were introduced. Shafts are now projected and sunk to from 7,000 to 9,000 feet. Diamond drills were used for prospecting. Power drills succeeded to a great extent manual drilling. The old Spanish method of sinking down from the surface and leaving pillars of ore to hold up the walls of the ledges was discontinued. Overhand stoping was adopted. Timbering came into universal use. Square sets, where the ledge was wide, and posts and caps where the ledge was narrow, black powder was superseded by giant powder. The cost of mining in veins of ten to twelve feet wide under favorable conditions now is often not more than one dollar a ton where formerly it was five dollars a ton.

The cost of milling with automatic feeders, rock breakers and other improved methods have been reduced correspondingly low. While in the early sixties concentrates were only reduced by chlorinization a very expensive process, the values are mostly obtained now through a cyanide process, which was unknown up to fifteen years ago. I think it is safe to say that twenty-five per cent of the gold of the world is now obtained from the cyanide process.

South African ores are reduced by this method. Through this process large fortunes have been made out of tailings where the assay value did not exceed \$3 per ton. It is applicable, as is well known, to tailings not containing copper. Where the percentage of copper is from three-quarters to one per cent in the

ore it is now concentrated, and the concentrates are sent to the customs smelter.

There was not a large smelter in the West prior to 1870. Refractory ores were shipped from the Pacific Coast to Swansea, Wales and England for reduction. Now the great reduction works at Omaha, Denver, Pueblo, San Francisco and other points have proved a veritable boon to the miner. The methods of reduction in those works are being constantly improved upon. Formerly, where zinc was contained in the ores, there was a large loss in extracting the silver and gold. Now, through the Bretherton process that obstacle has been overcome. Pyritic smelting has been advanced rapidly in the last ten or twelve years. Sulphur contained in the ores now in many furnaces is used in part as fuel. Electricity as a motive power and for the lighting of mines is coming into universal use. Electricity is used in the separation of gold and silver from copper bullion reducing the cost to one-tenth of what it was twenty years ago.

While there are mountains of low grade ore throughout the West, that can not at present be reduced profitably, yet, judging the future by the past I think it will be a matter of only a few years when this refractory ore will be profitably mined and reduced.

In our schools now any young man can acquire a technical education in mining, better than was known to the most advanced scientists of fifty years ago, both in chemistry, geology and practical mining engineering. The thought of the mining world is directed to the

solving of the great problems which never have been understood, and taking up the task where their fathers left it. These men, or some of them will learn all the secrets that are applicable to the reduction of ores, and so cheapen the cost of mining and milling that the great deposits of ore, averaging from one to two dollars per ton will be profitably treated.

It is never safe to discount the genius of the spirit of the young American.

CHAPTER XVI

Chinese began to arrive in California during the year 1850. After my arrival in the state, in 1852, I was accustomed to see almost weekly ship loads of these Orientals traversing its streets with their bamboo poles across their shoulders carrying baskets at each end containing their worldly goods. Most of them went into the mines. Many remained in San Francisco, locating in a little colony on Washington and Jackson Streets above Kearney, while others went into domestic service among the few families of the city.

At that time the servant girl was a rare commodity in San Francisco, because immediately upon her arrival some lonely man would seek her for a wife.

These Chinamen were quick to imitate. Once shown how to prepare any dish they could do it successfully. They commanded from \$75 to \$100 a month.

In the mines they were the gleaners, working over claims which had been abandoned as worked out by the Americans. They were always satisfied with a much less return for their labors than was agreeable to the regular miner. When the wages in the mines ran from \$15 to \$50 per day, the Chinaman was willing to work for \$10 and gradually as wages were reduced he was satisfied with a corresponding reduction. A few thousand dollars was a fortune to these Mongolians in

Hong-kong, or Canton, whence they came. They lived on half required to support the life and energy of a good healthy American. Their principal food being rice with a small allowance of meat. The principal drink was American brandy which was often substituted for tea.

Gradually the Chinese population increased, and wherever in any city or district they planted themselves their presence was distinctly recognized by the filth and squalor which pervaded their tenements and the indefinable Chinese odor which was, and is so obnoxious and noticeable to this day, where they have their habitations.

In 1860 the Chinese quarter in San Francisco was a hive of this undesirable population. Women were brought from China by the hundreds. They were like slaves, farmed out to bosses who used them for absolute gain. This condition existed until after 1870. Their colonies appeared in every town and city in the state of California, the demoralizing effects of which were felt everywhere.

The Chinese laborers were mere peons. During the building of the Central Pacific Railroad large numbers of these people were imported under the alien contract law passed by John Sherman in 1866, and repealed under the Cleveland administration about twenty years later. So numerous became the Chinese population upon the Pacific Coast, and so objectionable was their presence to all thoughtful people who believed in the great future of the empire of the Pacific, that about 1868

or 1869 there arose a strong under-current of antagonism to them.

About this time a bill was passed, introduced, I think, by Senator Sumner, which placed the Chinamen on an equality with the European in the matter of naturalization. A universal protest from all representatives of the Pacific Coast, almost exclusively Republican in politics, caused the bill to be reconsidered and killed.

George Gorham, the Republican candidate for governor, in the State of California, in 1868, was defeated upon the issue.

California, in 1872 began to advocate a bill for the exclusion of the Chinese. It was not until 1876 that it was incorporated into any national platform. Both parties in California, Nevada and Oregon were agreed upon the necessity of Chinese exclusion, and when a bill with this end in view was passed in Congress during the first term of Cleveland's administration, it was recognized universally as a very salutary measure.

This question ten years prior to that had become an all-absorbing one to the people of California, and if the national legislature had not taken it up there can be little doubt but that the evils of such immigration would have been widely felt, not only upon the Pacific Coast but by every state in the Union.

The Chinaman can never be made a component part of this Republic.

His traditions are, that if he dies upon foreign soil his bones must rest in China. He cannot live in peace in

the other world unless this is done. For years, and even now, the Chinese dead are exhumed and shipped to the Flowery Kingdom, for permanent burial.

He is the same as he was 2,000 years ago. He has not advanced one iota in civilization. His morals are of the lowest. While patient and hardworking, because he has always been a slave to a master, he has no higher ambition than to supply the physical wants of his nature at the lowest possible cost.

Many readers may consider me prejudiced against the Chinamen. Possibly I am, but to those of the East, the South and the Eiddle States who have seen but little of him, I say, go to San Francisco, visit Chinatown, where hundreds and thousands live like rats, and see them in all their repugnance and filth and then it will be easy to understand my feelings on this subject.

They, too, will realize that such a people are not wanted in this Republic. There they would see sights that would discount the slums of any European city. Their opium dens, their courts, where men are tried in secret and assassinated women sold into slavery, men imprisoned in dungeons, by Chinamen avowing no allegiance except to the Emperor of China, and the Six Companies.

THE AFTER WORD

The treasures of Peru and Mexico adding, as they did, billions to the wealth of Spain, caused a revival throughout Europe of the arts, sciences and mechanics,

which contribute in every age to the development of commerce. The 16th century marked the end of the dark ages. The scarcity of gold and silver was severely felt at the beginning of the 19th century, but the discovery of gold in California and Australia a short time after, adding uncounted millions to the basic money of the nations, caused at once a revival of commercial activity throughout the world.

The greatness of our own country dates from the time Marshall discovered gold on Sutter Creek in California.

Speedily the state was filled with the youth and vigor of the country, not only of this country but of Europe also. There was no state in the Union that did not profit to a greater or lesser degree through this discovery. Men came to California from every State and Territory and for ten years after '49, thousands returned to their old homes with fortunes ranging from \$5,000 to \$100,000, investing it in lands and business enterprises.

Money was in abundance. Great enterprises were developed. East and West, North and South were bound together with bands of iron. Our commerce, both foreign and domestic grew by leaps and bounds. American clipper ships carried American goods into every port. Under benignant laws wealth was equally distributed and labor was well paid and contented. Manufactories multiplied. New cities sprang into being. The growth of the nation both in wealth and population was phenomenal, and the panic of 1857 was no

serious drawback to the advancement of the United States during this golden era of our prosperity.

Placer miners of California opened up the placer fields of all the Western States. The discovery of the Comstock Lode gave a new impetus to mining in the West, directing attention to vein mining as the most profitable source of investment.

The prospector traveled from the British possessions in the North to Old Mexico and Colorado. New mines were discovered and new mining camps sprang into existence as if by the touch of a magic wand. Quartz ledges in California which had theretofore been overlooked became at once objects of interest to the speculative public.

Mining was no longer a poor man's business. For when the prospector discovered a valuable lode his only chance of remuneration was by sale or by the organization of a corporation large enough and strong enough to develop and work his property.

Scientists and mechanics gave their best energies to the development of mines, and mining machinery was gradually improved. Quartz mills were perfected. Pumping and smelting machinery rapidly advanced to meet the situation and new processes for the reduction of ores came in rapid succession.

The great beds of ore in Utah, South Dakota, Montana and Colorado were first brought to the attention of Eastern capitalists by the Californians. Even in Australia and South Africa, indeed wherever precious metals have been discovered and mined at a profit,

these hardy men whose knowledge was acquired in the hard school of experience was in evidence. Not intending to detract from the miners of Colorado, who have accomplished wonderful results in the art of reducing refractory ore, yet as the progenitor of great results, the mining world must award the laurels to the pioneers of California. They were the advance guard of prosperity, the up-builders of a nation whose financial greatness has made New York the financial center of the world, and is rapidly advancing and transferring the center of population to the trans-Mississippi States and Territories, thus creating for San Francisco, whose harbor is the door to the rich commerce of the East, a future beyond the vision of the most illusive dreamer.

To the pioneers of California who opened and worked her placer mines great credit is due. But the names of Hearst, Mackay, Fair, Ralston, Moore, Keene, Patton and their co-laborers, as pioneers in the field of vein mining, should ever be preserved in the hearts of a grateful people. What Junius said of England's great Premier I would say of them:

"Immortal honors crown their monuments and linger o'er them. It is a solid fabric supported by the laurels that adorn them."

To impress a new generation with the enduring services of these men and their co-laborers, to civilization and mankind, I have jotted down these recollections.



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